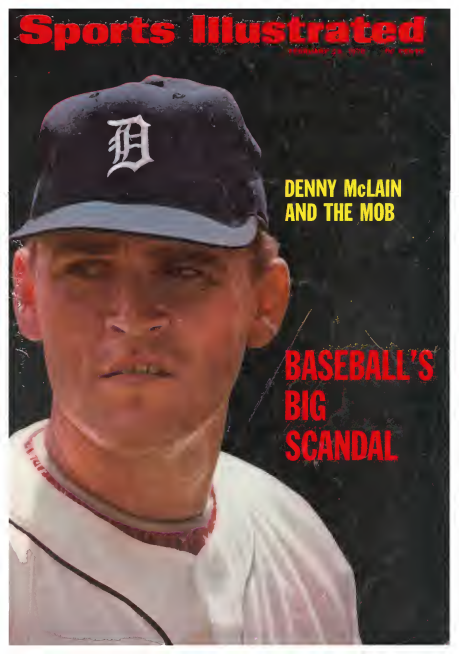


Sports Illustrated



FEBRUARY 24, 1970 74 PAGES

**DENNY McLAIN
AND THE MOB**

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Little finger of right hand overlaps index finger of left hand.



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EARL, BOEDELIN, "SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA," A PROFESSIONAL GOLFER OF THE YEAR, 1955



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Source: Illustrated is published weekly except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 241 North Fairbanks Street, Chicago, IL 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Newby, President; Richard B. McKinnough, Treasurer; John J. Harty, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Subscriptions office in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands. \$10.00 a year, advance payment; air mail in the world \$15.00 a year, all others \$18.00 a year.

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NEW YORK, NEW YORK can be a wonderful town when its teams are winning. Hockey's Rangers are the latest cult, and Ernie Francini, their prophet, is assessed by Gary Rosenberg

THE BIG THREE of college basketball's roughest leagues sort out their splendid differences. A front-line report on the war between the Carolinas by Curry Kirkpatrick

TRACK'S EASY MILER Mary Eagon of Villanova, tells interviewer Skip Myslenko how staying on top of the distance-running heap is tougher than getting there to begin with

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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It has been almost a year since this magazine devoted any major space to bears. In that period our mood may seem to have changed in relation to the family Ursidae, but that is only because Victor, the carnival bear whose story by Frank Deford begins on page 52, is a bear seemingly very different in personality and outlook from the anti-social wilderness grizzlies discussed by Jack Olsen in his memorable series last spring.

Victor, shown below in an obvious attempt to con Author Deford into some deal or other about movie rights, appears on the face of it to be a cir-



cled bear, perfectly willing—unlike Olsen's grizzlies—to coexist with mankind. But Deford, even after long and cordial association with Victor, is not all that sure. A bear, he feels, is still a bear and should be treated with the cautious respect to which that status entitles him.

"Victor," says Frank, "is cuddly and cute and he doesn't smell and he has a much nicer disposition than many people I know, and for all these reasons it is easy to overlook the fact that he is a potentially lethal, 450-pound carnivore who could destroy you in no time flat."

Deford recalls a significant moment when he was wrestling with Victor near

Colorado Springs. "I'm just goofing around with him and having fun, and all of a sudden it occurs to me that my hand is in his mouth. Now I know he's got a muzzle on and his real biting teeth are gone, but I tell you, when all of a sudden you realize that your hand is in a bear's mouth, and that bear weighs nearly a quarter of a ton, it sobers you up very quickly."

Another time Frank was "clowning around with Victor, having our pictures taken," and he gave the bear a piece of candy. The bear wanted more candy but Frank didn't have any more. Unlike the phony panhandling bear on the Andy Williams television show, Victor was not about to have a door slammed in his face. Instead, according to Deford, "He leaned over and bit my shoulder. I nearly jumped through the ceiling. Boy, was I glad that bear was tied up at that point."

Most Americans, conditioned to love amiable imitation bears from their earliest childhood, tend to direct that attitude toward the real thing. On his travels with Victor, Deford was constantly astonished at the casual way people treated this huge, ferocious beast. Once, when Victor broke loose during a carnival at Salt Lake City, everyone in the arena "started running after him, trying to catch up. They were crazy," says Frank. But, he says, "One thing I noticed was that the more rural our location, the more people acted toward bears as they should. We stopped once to get some straw at a sheep ranch in Utah, and no one there would come anywhere near Victor. It was the same at a gas station in the mountains of Colorado. People like that know what bears can do."

Despite his affection for Victor, Deford, like our other ursine expert, Olsen, concludes that "the best way to treat bears—even the nicest bears—is to stay away from them."

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TV TALK

Speed is the enemy in hockey as CBS sticks with the puck and the punches

You must be the hatchet," said the director. And he generously pointed to a spot on his jiggler where I might start work.

Actually it is not so easy to find a place to lay the hatchet on television hockey broadcasting. Most hockey fans agree that the essence of their sport gets diluted in the tube. But when asked to explain, they lapse into incoherent French. CBS presents it all—the blood, the speed, the flying teeth—yet it adds up to only about half a sport. Unlike golf, which is theoretically impossible to televise, network hockey makes converts slowly: ratings have been becalmed for the last couple of years and sponsors are tepid.

After mulling around the Philadelphia Spectrum for a couple of days watching a hockey telecast production and strolling around the living room for two games after that, I have only a few incoherent English thoughts to throw into the pot. The first thing you notice is that the broadcasters themselves would probably rather talk about football. Not that they dislike hockey—indeed, they maintain a diplomatic affection for all the sports of man—but there does not seem a lot to say.

"This is a cameraman's medium," said Tony Verna, the director for the CBS Philadelphia telecast and a sports virtuoso. "You just hope he doesn't lose the puck." Verna sits behind a dazzling dashboard of monitors in the control truck, unable to use half his toys because of that confounded puck. He can rarely afford to switch cameras. Even a closeup at those speeds is likely to disorient the viewer, and a fresh angle might unhinge him completely. For which reason the slow-motion multiangled replays have more genuine hockey flavor than all the fast stuff put together.

In general, the quicker the sport the more monotonous the camera work. CBS had placed two cameras at center ice and one at each end, plus a hand-held job to be lugged up and down the aisles between groaning fans. (Most new arenas show splendid camera angles in the architect's renderings, but these locations get turned into box seats.) A good 80% of the shots were taken by good old No. 2 camera in midfield, swinging back and forth like a tennis fan's head.

Much of the pleasure in hockey comes from the clanking of wood on bone. And for once TV does not attempt to deny that sport has its violent moments. We get all the major wars—viz., line brawls of the two brawls in the Boston-Toronto match, where the game was suspended for the duration—but not the constant rush-fire skis-

mishes. If the camera lingers too lovingly over the humdrum carriage, it loses the puck for sure. "Give me 2, give me 3, give me 2," shouts Verna when trouble brews, and that 3 represents all the fight you get.

Speed is also the announcer's enemy. He has to rattle off jaw-breaking names with the dexterity of Danny Kaye and throw in enough Gailing-gun small talk to keep it from sounding like a roll call. Dan Kelly, who did play by play in Philadelphia, is a hockey specialist (so way it can be done by an amateur) and a marvel of succinctness; but the wit he indicated during the warm-up is pretty much lost in the gabble.

Bill Mazer, who did the think stuff, says it is wise to avoid getting bogged down in the "Pontes-Canet passes to Obolensky who passes back to Pontes-Canet" doldrums. Just say there's a scramble in the goal mouth and leave it at that. The only trouble is that casual viewers do need help sorting out the players, who are muffled to the chin like Tweedledee and replaced on the fly by identical twins.

Mazer adds that American fans are less hip than they think, so that one has to slip them some Dick and Jane information without seeming so. This can be tedious for the older students, but there is no help for it. On Canadian TV there is much more talk about the doings off camera, but in the U.S. everything is glued to that slinky puck.

The commercial problem that plagues continuous-action sports—it plagued soccer right off the air—has been smooched over. Now TV simply stops the action. A league man signals the ref, who skates around abstractedly with the puck in his hand while the crowd howls. In case of a snafu, an ingenious use of tape brings you the goal you missed. (Actually, the time-out after each goal is enough for the tape to be slipped in unobtrusively. But if you ever find yourself unaccountably down ice, it means the tape ran over the live action.)

Canadian fans, a haughty stiff-necked lot, insist that their telecasts are better than ours. Verna disputes this. He says the Canadians take undue risks: isolating the goalie, for instance, when a shot is due—and end up with egg on their tie if no shot is made. This kind of scene-shifting sounds interesting, but Verna claims he even does more cutting from camera to camera than the Canadians do. Since he had only really let himself go, cuttingly speaking, during the national anthem (*God Bless America*, it seems, in Philadelphia), I had to assume the Canadians have a certain monotony problem of their own.

There may be a better way to televise hockey, and Canadian readers undoubtedly know what it is. (Go ahead and write my son collects the stamps.) But no hatchet goes to the U.S. technicians who, to this horse-and-huggy eye at least, are still wizards, working in this cave a slightly sticky deck.

—WILFRED SWIFT



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This week's perfect
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Marinate the olives in vermouth and use the perfect martini gin, of course.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

THE MCLAIN AFFAIR

The unhappy revelation that Pitcher Denny McLain was a partner in a bookie operation dominated by mobsters (page 16) is not a story we take pleasure in printing. Professional sport lives on the confidence of its audience, and exposing ugly facts may momentarily shake that confidence, but trying to hide them would destroy it.

A professional athlete can be a swinger, let his hair grow in profusion, wear wild clothes, do his own thing, flout staid and established conventions. But through it all, if he is to maintain his authority as an athlete, he can never forget his responsibility to his job—to his club, to his teammates, to his game. To some this may seem naive, old fashioned and square. Too bad. That's the way it is.

RUMBLING TOWN

Chicago's high school athletic association is in danger of dissolving in a welter of brawls, disturbances and postgame riots. The 55-member league has had trouble finding a place to hold its basketball playoffs. DePaul University and Northwestern won't allow their gyms to be used because of disturbances in recent years, and Illinois Tech and the University of Chicago balked, too. The International Amphitheater doesn't have available dates, and the Chicago Stadium rental of \$5,000 per day is too costly. School officials finally settled for the old Navy Pier gym, where the games will be played under police guard before a screened crowd.

One bright spot in the gloomy picture came when Farragut met Crane Tech in a critical game. Just before the opening whistle Guido Marchetti, the Farragut football coach and athletic director, walked to center court and blew a whistle for silence. The kids yelled and hooted and grumbled before they slowly quieted down. When he finally had their attention Marchetti said, "You know what's been going on in this league.

If it continues, we may not have any sports in this league in the future. If you don't behave like ladies and gentlemen today we will not allow spectators in this gym for any game the rest of the season. It's entirely up to you."

He marched off. The kids cheered and applauded. And there were no incidents during or after the game.

PRIME TIME

One interscholastic sport you may not be following closely is meat judging, which is promoted by the National Livestock and Meat Board in Chicago. The board annually sponsors four meat-judging contests for collegians, with the big one held at the end of the year. Contestants are usually animal-science majors (including girls) who plan to become meat buyers, research specialists with meat-packing plants or teachers. Winners usually do very well in industry after graduation.

The judges, who are animal-science professors, meat packers and specialists from the Department of Agriculture, secretly grade carcasses and wholesale cuts of beef, pork and lamb according to

Department of Agriculture standards: prime, choice, good, etc. They also rate them for "cutability," the yield of lean meat that might be expected from each carcass. The contestants are then let loose on the meat, and those whose classifications come closest to those of the judges carry home the bacon.

The International Livestock Exposition's Intercollegiate Meat-Judging Contest, held at the Oscar Mayer plant in Madison, Wis. in December, attracted four-man teams from 22 colleges, and excitement mounted as Nebraska went to the front in lamb and pork judging. Kansas State made a bid for the title, showing balanced power in lamb and beef, but it did not do so well in hams, and Oklahoma State came on to win the overall title, with Florida second and K State third. Something of an upset occurred in beef grading when South Dakota State finished strongly to heat out several larger schools.

You might do some boning up on this pastime. It's liable to appear on *Wide World of Sport* any week now.

FLYING LONGHORNS

"Hook 'em, Horns" has long been the battle cry of University of Texas football fans, who look upon Longhorn teams with something akin to reverence. Thus it was no surprise when on the new airplane the school bought to shuttle its administrators around the state, in place of the standard admonition to FASTEN SEAT BELTS there was the simple reminder: HOOK 'EM.

SPREADING OUT

The Carolina Cougars, the ABA franchise in North Carolina (St. Jan. 19), may have started a trend with their successful practice of spreading home games around among various cities in the state. The Miami Floridians, who have had trouble finding a suitable home arena in the Miami area, have shifted a couple of home dates this season to Tallahassee and Jacksonville and next year hope to play 10 home games in Jacksonville, 10 in St. Petersburg and only 20 in Miami. "For one thing," says Dennis Murphy, a vice-president of the Floridians, "it will be easier to sell a season-ticket plan for 10 or 20 games than for 40." The New Orleans Buccaneers, another ABA club with attendance problems, may be transferred to Memphis, but if the club stays in New Orleans it



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IT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO A BLOODY MARY
WHEN IT'S MADE WITH RUM.
DON'T KNOCK IT TIL YOU'VE TRIED IT.**



We know what you think it tastes like. But that's not what it tastes like.

Call it the Devil. Or a Rum Bloody Mary, it doesn't matter. Either way the taste is the same. A lot like a regular Bloody Mary, only richer.

That's what the rum does. At least that's what Puerto Rican Rum does. Our rum isn't dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from other countries is.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And then aged. And purified. In Puerto Rico, the law says they have to be.

Try the taste. Ask the bartender to make your next Bloody Mary with white or silver Puerto Rican Rum.

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Put a double-strong double wall of steel all the way around, top to bottom.

You might say a Fleetside pickup has two cargo boxes—one inside and one outside. So cargo dings inside don't show outside.

2. Also the cab.

When we build a truck, we build a truck.

That calls for a cab that's double-wall tough in roof panel, cowl assembly, rear body panel and body sills. (Strong reasons why Chevs last longer.)

3. Add fender liners to fight rust.

Some pickups will put up with rust; we tell it where to get off.

Example: inside the front fenders, we've built special protective liners. They act as self-washing shields against rust-causing mud and slush.

4. Cut down on welded joints.

Other pickup builders weld body

side panels together. We might, too, if we didn't have this thing about rust.

We like our way better: one-piece outer body side panels. No external welded joints to corrode.

You'll like it better, too.

5. Build in better visibility.

When you sit in a Chevy, look around. You'll see why it's the best truck in sight.

Big windows. Largest expanse of glass area of any popular pickup.

Other easy-going features, like foam-padded seats, make the outlook even better.

6. Spruce up the styling inside and out.

We say a workhorse doesn't have to be a beast.

It can be smooth-lined and stylishly appointed on the outside. And tastefully done inside with such niceties available as chrome-rimmed controls, deep-pile carpeting, soft bucket seats and center console.

Like a Chevy Fleetside pickup.

7. Put a tough frame underneath.

Our feeling about Chevy pickup longevity comes from deep down.

From a rock-solid chassis; a frame made of rugged, heavy-gauge side rails riveted to alligator-jaw cross-members. Tough.

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will almost certainly play a dozen home games in Baton Rouge, another half a dozen in Shreveport and a few others in Lafayette and Alexandria. Maurice Stern, co-owner of the Bucs, says, "A lot of people feel that New Orleans is a football town and that 40 basketball games are too many to play here. And those other towns have better field houses and parking than we have here."

NEW SHOES

After the shoe scandals at the Mexico City Olympic Games (SI, March 10, 1969), the International Amateur Athletic Federation moved to eliminate undercover payments to athletes for wearing the distinctively marked shoes of one company or another by passing a rule that bans all such colors or markings on shoes worn at international meets. Only all-white shoes will be allowed. The rule, passed last year, goes into effect this May 1, but some athletes have declared flatly that they will not obey it. One is Australia's Ralph Douhell, the 1968 Olympic 800-meter champion, who says, "I will show up at the meets wearing the kind of shoes I have always worn. If they won't let me race in them, then I expect I will run some pretty slow times in my bare feet." Some black athletes object to the new rule, too, though on different grounds. They say they will run in all-black shoes, not all-white ones.

DESBOL IN CUBA

Preston Gomez, manager of the San Diego Padres, made a three-week trip to his native Cuba this winter to visit his ailing father and to bring his elderly mother back to the U.S. for a visit (a naturalized citizen, he had Cuban permission and State Department approval and flew to and from Havana via Mexico City). Although his visit was ignored by the Cuban press ("I am a professional manager and therefore not worthy of notice"), he attracted considerable attention among baseball-hungry Cubans. He spoke at three baseball clinics and was able to talk about old times with former major leaguers like Mike Gonzalez, Mike Guerra, Gil Torres and Connie Marrero, as well as with Martin Dihigo, past 65 now and, Gomez says, "the greatest Cuban player."

One day Fidel Castro came into the Havana restaurant where Gomez was dining, joined him and talked baseball for two hours. He was particularly in-

continued



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interested in the Cubans still playing in the U.S. "He knew all the names," says Gomez. "He asked about Tony Oliva, Jose Cardenal, Tito Fuentes, Zolo Versalles, Cookie Rojas, Tony Taylor, Mike Cuellar." Castro also asked Gomez his opinion of the current state of baseball in Cuba. "I told him there were advantages and disadvantages," Gomez says. "You never lose any ballplayers to the big leagues, but the players reach only a certain level. They have no higher place to go." Castro appeared to be concerned that Cuban players were falling behind in fundamentals and, according to Gomez, the government sends people to Canada to watch big league baseball on television "in order to learn what we are doing."

SIX CENTS WORTH OF COACH

When Lawrence Central High School of Indiana lost its 36th straight game an exasperated fan wrote to the *Lawrence Journal* complaining that as a taxpayer who was helping to pay Coach Woodrow Crum's salary he didn't think he was getting his money's worth. Crum, who coached high school teams in Kentucky to the state finals three times before moving to Lawrence Central a few years ago, responded by dividing the number of taxpayers in Lawrence into his salary and then refunding the angry fan his share: 6¢. "It was just something I had to do," said Crum, whose team reacted by breaking the losing streak next time out.

DIRTY STORY

The nation's 10 dirtiest streams, according to the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, are the Ohio, the Houston Ship Canal, the Cuyahoga (Cleveland's burning river), the River Rouge near Detroit, the Buffalo, the Passaic in New Jersey, the Arthur Kill between Staten Island and New Jersey, the Merrimack (New Hampshire and Massachusetts), the Androscoggin in Maine and the Escambia in Alabama and Florida. This is a particularly choice group, since such befouled rivers as the Hudson, the Potomac, the Mississippi, the Missouri and the Connecticut are down in the second 10. Asked to name a clean major river, the federal officials shook their heads. There is none.

There are some mighty colorful rivers, too. The algae-thick Potomac is blue-green. The Delaware is black with oil.

Many Southern rivers are white from the milky wastes pouring out of textile and carpet mills. The headwaters of the Monongahela are yellow from mine acid. The Clarion River in Pennsylvania is a rich oily blue because of wastes from a printing plant. And there are multicolored waters like Lake Erie and the Calumet River near Chicago.

The Ohio continues as the country's dirtiest river despite the nearly \$1 billion spent cleaning it up during the last 20 years. There are 38,000 industrial plants in the Ohio's 10-state drainage area, and industry is the prime cause of water pollution. Correcting the situation is difficult. One federal official said, "Industry can be politically potent, especially at the state government level. And, too, the states compete with one another for new industry, because new industry means jobs, and the states generally need that economic stimulus. They are more scared of driving industry away than they are of water pollution."

And so goes the beautiful blue Ohio.

... AND COUNTING

Here is a bit of esoteric data to tick away until the opportunity arises to make a bet on the subject. Statistician Ron Morris of WSTP Radio says that during a basketball game in Salisbury, N.C., between Catawba College and Appalachian State the ball touched the floor precisely 3,313 times.

THEY SAID IT

- Make Reid, first-round draft choice of the Cincinnati Bengals, on why he is postponing a promising career as a punter to play football. "Artur Rubinstein is recognized as the greatest pianist in the world, and he began to get acclaim at 55. There aren't any 55-year-old defensive tackles around."
- John Bahcock, Los Angeles radio commentator: "Los Angeles has no right to seek the 1976 Olympics—no right because the world's best athletes should not be exposed to the poisonous smog."
- David Hoover, a University of Michigan freshman majoring in fisheries and wildlife, who moved six miles outside Ann Arbor to live in a tent, explaining why: "There, look at that chickadee. I don't know whether animals can be happy or not, but they make me happy. Things are always fine and happy out here. When I get to town the air stinks and the people don't smile."

END



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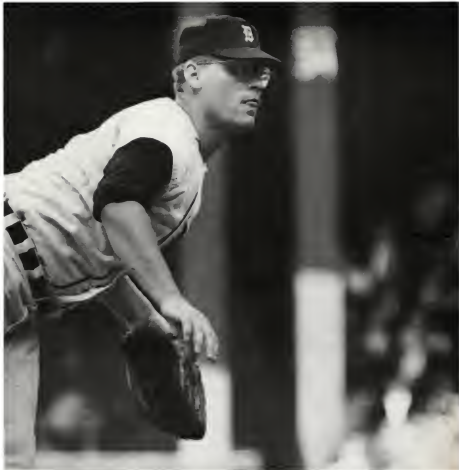


Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 23, 1970

DOWNFALL OF A HERO

by MORTON SHARNIK

Poor, dumb Denny McLain, the star pitcher of the Detroit Tigers, was a partner in a bookmaking operation during the 1967 baseball season and became inextricably involved with mobsters. Now he is paying the terrible price



Recovering from a mysterious injury, McLain (then wearing glasses) started the last game of the '67 season. Detroit lost game and pennant.

On Aug. 4, 1967 a 4-year-old bay colt named Williamston Kid won the eighth race at Detroit Race Course and paid \$21, \$9 and \$6.20. Although Williamston Kid had achieved a measure of fame by winning the Florida Derby on a disqualification the year before, this, his first 1967 start, was seemingly of little consequence—a six-furlong, \$4,200 allowance race. However, the win set in motion forces that led to the violent death of one man; may have cost the Detroit Tigers the 1967 pennant; threat-

en the career of their star pitcher, Denny McLain; and test the integrity of major league baseball.

This sordid and tangled tale has been pieced together from information supplied by several law-enforcement agencies and by Lawrence A. Burns, the onetime Detroit Mafia and teamster lawyer, whose revelations last month led to the resignation of the newly appointed Cleveland police chief.

The man who eventually died as a result of Williamston

continued



McLain went into business with the bookmakers who operated out of this Flint, Mich. restaurant



To buy into the handbook, McLain borrowed from the bank across the street from the Shorthorn



A Mafia hood heard about the failure of McLain et al. to pay up at this Mt. Clemens, Mich. club.

Kid's three-length victory was Hubert Edward Voshen, 57, a two-handed bettor and the owner of the highly profitable Te-Khi Truck Stop at the intersection of 11 Mile Road and Interstate 94, east of Battle Creek, Mich. Voshen had wagered \$8,000 on the horse—\$2,000 to win, \$5,000 to place, \$1,000 to show. He should have won \$46,600. Until the day he died, all he got was \$1,000.

Voshen had placed his bet with Figs Gazell, a bookie who operated out of the Shorthorn Steak House in Flint and a member of a local Syrian mob loosely allied with Detroit's Cosa Nostra. When Voshen went to collect his winnings, Gazell said he didn't have the cash but that he had partners. "Try them," he told Voshen. "They're the kind of guys who can come up with the money."

Among Gazell's partners in the handbook were at least one Syrian mob boss: Edwin K. Schober, then vice-president and marketing director of the merchandising division of Pepsi-Cola Metropolitan Bottling Co., Inc., Detroit and now vice-president and general manager of Pepsi-Cola Metropolitan Bottling Co., Inc., Mount Vernon, N.Y., and Denny McLain. Schober and McLain had met the year before when Schober, hearing that McLain drank 75 Pepsis a day, hired him for a Pepsi-Cola management training program. A close relationship developed. McLain said in 1968, "For the last couple of years Schober's been just like my father."

McLain, in turn, had met the habits of the Shorthorn when he was booked to play the organ there. Performing on the Hammond organ is one of McLain's more lucrative sidelines.

Early in 1967 Gazell and his Syrian cohorts made a deal with McLain, who, for good reason, is known to his teammates as Super Flake: if he would back the handbook with a few thousand dollars, they had the betting customers who would make him rich. McLain, who had previously been betting basketball and hockey with the Syrians—and losing—agreed and put up the money. Poor, dumb Denny—who is also known to his teammates as Dolphin because he is a fish as a gambler—was easy game. The money the bettors lost was taken by the Syrians. The payouts on winning bets came from the money McLain and fatherly Ed Schober invested.

It would appear that McLain and Schober went into the bookmaking busi-

ness in February 1967. At about that time McLain obtained the first of several loans from the Citizens Commercial & Savings Bank, located across the street from the Shorthorn. Several thousand dollars of this money went into the hand-book, which took action on various sports during the period McLain was affiliated with it. At this time he also opened a checking account at Citizens, which he often overdrawed.

In August, when Jugs Gazell blithely told Voshen to see his partners, he neglected to tell him who they were. Gazell didn't reveal that information until a week or so later when, sick of being dunned by Voshen, he suggested they take a ride. Voshen assumed the purpose of the ride was to take him someplace to get his dough, but all Gazell came up with was \$1,000. It was Gazell's intention to scare Voshen, and he did. He reminded Voshen of his con-

nection with the Syrian mob, then, softening the threat, told him, "Go see the Pepsi-Cola guy, Schober. See Schober and Denny McLain."

Voshen, a tall, painfully thin man with gray hair and gold-rimmed glasses, who habitually wore a \$150 sports coat and an expensive, open-neck sports shirt, called on Schober at his office. "The guy knew what I was after," Voshen said later. "You could tell that he was upset. He told me that he didn't know Gazell was taking such big action. He went on to explain that he didn't have the money to pay off a debt that size, but he would speak to his partners and see what they could come up with."

Now Voshen knew he was on the right track. If he had any doubts, they were soon dispelled. A few days later a man who identified himself as Lou Boudreau called Voshen. Voshen was aware that Boudreau (the former Cleveland short-

stop and manager who was voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame last month) was McLain's father-in-law. Boudreau asked that Voshen be patient and told him he would get his money. A couple of days later Boudreau called again, pleading for more time. Voshen wasn't in any mood to wait. He paid his gambling debts promptly. Earlier that year he had lost some \$35,000 at the Shorthorn and had come up with the money.

Voshen went from mobster to mobster, seeking influence to enable him to collect his money. He was finally granted an audience with Tony Giacalone, the "voice in the street"—or enforcer—for Joe Zeffilli, the Detroit Cosa Nostra boss. Giacalone, 51, 6 feet, 210 pounds, never wears the same pair of undershorts or socks twice; he wears them once, then throws them out. A gangland court was convened in Giacalone's \$25,000 boatwell—it contains a duplex apartment and

continued



Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn congratulates Lou Boudreau after Jaffer was voted into the Hall of Fame. Boudreau, who is McLain's father-in-law, tried to help him with his debts. Kuhn announced last week that he is investigating McLain's "off-field activities."

a slip for a 50-foot cruiser—at Detroit's Gregory Marina.

Giagalone heard Voshen's complaint, mulled it over and ruled that the Detroit Cosa Nostra wouldn't intervene. His men had nothing to do with the Flint handbook, Giagalone pointed out. What's more, he said, McLain was crazy to get into such a scheme. Giagalone did have one piece of advice for Voshen: Why not try to get some kind of settlement out of the Shorthorn?

A while later Giagalone went to jail for six days for failing to talk to a grand jury, even though he had immunity. Soon after Sept. 2, when he got out, he was again asked to help settle Voshen's claim. This time a teamster lawyer named George Mantho approached Giagalone on Voshen's behalf. The meeting took place at Woody's Hillcrest Country Club in Mt. Clemens, Mich. "There's a table in the corner of this rustic room that Tony liked," says an old associate. "Nobody could get in front of you or behind you." Mantho laid it all out. Giagalone told him that it was his, Mantho's, responsibility to take care of Voshen, that Voshen wasn't to make a beef, that Mantho was to control him.

Meanwhile, McLain was having his

troubles on the mound, too. From Sept. 2, when Giagalone got out of jail, through Sept. 18, McLain started four games, won none, lost two and didn't last more than 5½ innings in any single game, giving up 13 runs in 13½ innings. In fact, he didn't win another game that season, winding up with a 17-16 record. On Sept. 18, he lasted only two innings against the Red Sox. Shortly thereafter he reported that he had severely injured two toes on his left foot. He first said he had fallen asleep watching TV and so had one of his legs. He awoke, got to his feet and somehow stubbed his toes. Later he claimed he hurt the toes chasing raccoons that were raiding his garbage cans. A third account, by teammate Mackey Lofich, had McLain kicking a water cooler when he was yanked from the game. A fourth version, provided later by McLain himself, is that he hurt his toes when he angrily kicked lockers in the clubhouse.

There is also a fifth version. McLain was ordered to report to Giagalone's boatwell; Tony wasn't as uninterested in the debt as he had professed. Once McLain was there, Tony Giagalone and his brother Billy, another *Muhoso*, went into their "angry act." Giagalone is under

the impression that he's a great psychologist, that he can outpsych anyone. He gave McLain the full act, including his famous stare. Then he brought his heel down on McLain's toes and told him to get the money up.

The money to pay off Voshen, or at least some of it, was raised—some by McLain, some by Schober—but Voshen insisted he never saw it. The story is that Tony Giagalone kept all but a token sum, which went to Mantho.

However McLain's toes were dislocated, he missed two or possibly three starts, not pitching again until Oct. 1, the final day of the 1967 season. That day the Tigers won the first game of a double-header from the Angels 6-4 to tie the Red Sox for the league lead. McLain started the second game. He went 2½ innings, giving up four hits and three runs. He had nothing. The Tigers lost the game 8-5 and the pennant by one game. Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who interviewed McLain last week, said, "There is no indication that [McLain's] activities in any way involve the playing or outcome of baseball games."

According to a gangland source, just prior to McLain's toe injury Billy Giagalone had made big bets on both the



Luxurious Detroit baseball was the location of a gangland court.



Mobster Tony Giagalone adjudicated the batter's beef.

Red Sox and the Twins to win the pennant and later had bet heavily against the Tigers in McLain's final start.

Although McLain won 31 games in 1968, to become the first 30-game winner in the majors since Dizzy Dean, was a 24-game winner last year and reportedly makes \$200,000 a year, he has continued to be plagued by money problems. A suit has been filed to evict him from his Beverly Hills, Mich. home, claiming nonpayment of seven months' rent totaling \$2,450. In Lakeland, Fla., where he also has a home, an office-supply owner reclaimed \$500 worth of office furniture after some checks bounced. The IRS has filed a \$9,460 lien against McLain for disputed income taxes. Consumers Power Company, a Michigan utility, won an uncontested \$779 judgment against him for back bills. He was sued twice last year for allegedly failing to pay bills related to his \$75,000, six-passenger Cessna (SI, Dec. 15), the Detroit Bank & Trust Co. has confirmed reports that the Tigers are sending McLain's checks to the bank to pay off a \$13,000 balance on an outstanding loan; and the Michigan Securities Bureau is investigating a paint company, Dyco International, formed by McLain. There

have been complaints he sold stock in Dyco before it was officially chartered.

Moreover, in late 1968 authorities were told that McLain was involved to the tune of \$40,000 with Max Stern and Dave Feldman. Stern is a former strong-arm man for the Cosa Nostra; Feldman, who is known as Mr. Gambling, is a partner of Giacalone in the Detroit numbers racket.

As for Voshen, ironically, in the months before his death he was being pressed by bookies. "He dropped \$45,000 in the first half of 1968," says a friend. "And every Tuesday a Detroit bookie sent a different man or woman over to pick up a \$500 money order to pay off another bet. It was always made out to Ed Voshen and endorsed by him so it couldn't be traced back. He had begun to run short and had sold a part of his humerus. Ed would become depressed. He would say, 'They press me and I pay, but I can't get the money I'm owed. Why?'"

The question was never answered. On the morning of Oct. 16, 1968 Voshen shot a round of golf at the Marshall Country Club, in Marshall, Mich. He went to Gabriel's Lounge in Marshall for lunch. As he finished eating, he got

a phone call that appeared to upset him. He rushed out and drove off in a rented car, a blue 1968 Chevrolet.

About an hour later Calhoun County sheriff's deputies found Voshen dead in the car, which had crashed into a tree on a lonely stretch of Michigan Avenue, half a mile east of 13 Mile Road between Marshall and Battle Creek. The pavement was dry, the visibility good, the road straight. According to witnesses, Voshen had had no more than one or two drinks at lunch. From tire marks and the force of the impact, investigators estimated that Voshen was going at more than 70 mph when the car left the road. The top of the car was peeled back, the motor lay six feet away and debris was scattered halfway across a field. A car was passing in the opposite direction at the moment of impact, and a woman passenger saw a set of golf clubs fly past and hit a tree.

About the only principal to wind up in clover was Williamston Kid, who last raced in 1968. He earned \$213,221 in his career, winning 11 of 64 starts and finishing in the money 21 other times. He is now standing at stud at Pharamond Farm in Highland, Mich. and, to date, has been bred to 16 mares. **END**



This end of the road for Ed Voshen, the man who won a \$46,800 horse bet and collected only \$1,005, came in October 1968 in this fatal crash.

HOOKED AND SMOKED OUT

Joe Frazier fought precisely as he said he would—"I'll come out smokin'"—and, in the end, there was nothing Jimmy Ellis could do about it. For the first round and part of the second, Ellis was able to maneuver for the distance he needed for his sharp punches. After that Frazier—flailing away with left hooks and looping rights—denied him distance and any respite. The lefts were more effective. They knocked Ellis down early in the fourth round, and he barely got up at nine. Another hook put him down again, and though he again was up at nine—this time after the bell sounded—he could not come out for the fifth round. If Frazier fought his fight, so did Ellis, and there could hardly be any doubt that the Philadelphian was the superior fighter. Frazier thus retains the championship he claimed for two years—of six staves—and takes over the one awarded Ellis by the World Boxing Association. He is *the* champion now—except, perhaps, for Muhammad Ali.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHEIDMAN AND TONY TRIOLO





Overwhelmed by a barrage of punches, Ellis collapses on his stomach in the first knock-down of the fight in Madison Square Garden.

After a left hook to the head, Ellis starts to crumple again. Later he could not remember Frasier had knocked him down a second time.



PLENTY OF SUNFISH IN THE SEA

Some of the world's smallest boats had their biggest bash on a Caribbean weekend in which the principal characters were a luckless lady, an impetuous Brazilian and a globe-trotting adman who likes surfing **by HUGH D. WHALL**

Under an indecent Virgin Island sun 57 Sunfish flitted away from the starting line like brightly colored tropical fish fleeing a predator. It was the beginning of the first world championship for the class, which is a highfalutin' way of saying tropical demolition derby. Fast-moving logjams formed at every mark as the Sunfish arrived in clusters, giving spectators the feeling that it would take dynamite to separate them. Boats collided, skippers coffeehoused one another with shouts of "Look out, your rudder's coming loose" and "Your mast's coming down." For a boat race the banner between rivals was unique.

But then the Sunfish is a most cheerful little craft. A 13-foot 10-inch sliver of fiber glass with a single Dacron sail, a footwell the size of a soap dish and

not much else, it is relatively cheap, easy to sail and, blow high or blow low, kind to its single-man crew. As a result, these jolly creatures—some 70,000 of them—have spread around the world to the broadest spectrum of sailors known to wind and water. At last weekend's regatta they included social workers and IBM hands, barbers and bankers and experienced racers like Chuck Mafican, a student out of Plymouth, Mass., Gary Hoyt, an adman for Young & Rubicam living in San Juan, and Brazil's Jorge Bruder, a veteran Olympic helmsman in the Finn class.

Some were rich and some were not. The former bunked in plush condominiums or 590-a-day hotels, the latter on boats in St. Thomas harbor or in the homes of members of the host St. Thom-

as Yacht Club. The trade winds blew soothingly across Cowpet Bay, the water temperature held steady at a blissful 78° and lovely bottles of Scotch flowed from duty-free shops at the noninflationary rate of \$2.50 per jar. It was a weekend of such atmospheric perfection that some refugees from Northern winters had a little trouble adjusting to it. "I can't stand this," said one sailor. "I really can't, this feeling of guilt. But I am planning on trying damned hard."

St. Thomas was especially hospitable to the young. From Kansas, a part of the U.S. not famous for sailing, came a student named Jack Evans. His parents and sister could not bear to let him rough it by himself and so accompanied him as a cheering section. Then there was a tall spar of a boy named David Kelley,

SUNFISH *Brazilian apostrophe: light company on the waters of St. Thomas's racey Cooper Bay*

The youngest skipper of all, David, 15, is in high school in St. Thomas. His family could not afford to buy him a competitive Sunfish for the championship, so David hung around the yacht club, helping out someone in this boat, someone else in that. Sometimes he had a chance to sail himself. David got to be such a good helmsman he was given a Sunfish and entered into the world championship regatta.

On the eve of Friday's first pair of races the sailors gathered on the yacht club patio for the unfurling of national flags—11 in all—and the ceremonial firing of a largish cannon. To fire it the club heekened to a casual-looking gentleman in Bermudas named S. L. Lambert. Lambert lives in a crenellated St. Thomas castle and apparently has a thing about ordnance. The cannon made a highly satisfactory boom and belched a great gout of blue smoke, which enveloped the scene.

This was an apt prelude to Friday's great gout of Sunfish out on the translucent waters of the bay. You've heard of women drivers. Meet Heather Klein, a woman sailor. Heather is from St. Thomas and is the wife of a construction executive, Ken Klein, another competitor. She was the only woman racing. In fact, it was the first time, so far as anyone present could recall, that a woman had raced in a regatta of world caliber on an even basis with men. A few minutes after the start Heather had a little accident. She was on port tack and thus was required by the rules to give way to any starboard-tack boat. Sad to say, Mrs. Klein rammed a starboard-tack boat—a starboard-tack boat sailed by Mr. Klein. "Oops, sorry," Heather said. "Keep going, it's all in the family." Ken replied gallantly. But Heather, who is made of honorable stuff, declined the offer and took her chic green wetsuit out of the race.

Leaving the logjams to others, America's Chuck Millican won that first race. In the afternoon, following a daiquiri-and-sandwich break, the free-for-all boiled on, with the St. Thomas harbor master and chief pilot, Dick Griffin, winning. For acrobatic versatility, however, the easy winner was Ken Klein. Almost at the finish line he lost his grip on the

tiller and flipped over backward into the drink. He popped up on the other side so quickly that he managed to haul himself back into the cockpit before his Sunfish could tip over. (No stranger to the craft, he once circumnavigated St. Thomas island in the break time of eight hours in a blustery wind and with only a few oranges for companions.)

That evening the sailors put on jackets and ties for a reception at the Governor's mansion, where there was an extraordinary amount of friendliness. "I'm very sorry," said one competitor to England's Jack Knights, another who had been rammed. "I was the one who hit you."

"Oh, did you?" said Knights. "Don't worry about it."

On Saturday the trades were blowing hard and some of the sailors were in trouble. Heather Klein's luck continued to run sour. As she thrashed up one leg of the course amid boats flipping and flipping again in 25-knot gusts, to her considerable surprise a wayward Sunfish landed in her lap. Heavily rapped in the collision, her own boat turned completely upside down, which made it difficult for Heather to right it by herself. She called to a nearby powerboat for help. Into the water leaped a would-be rescuer who then had to be rescued himself, for he developed a leg cramp. In the meantime, wherever one looked Sunfish were flying and flipping about in a euphoric kind of chaos.

At the head of the wind-struck fleet lay serious students of the sport like Bruder and Hoyt Bruder, who raced in the 1968 Olympics at Acapulco and is considered one of the finest small-boat sailors in the world, was beginning to wear down his foes through his superb conditioning. He hiked out to windward as if he were a living extension of his boat and drove her remorselessly over the whitecapped bay. "I hear you do 90 sit-ups a day," an admirer had said to Bruder on another occasion. "No, that's wrong," replied the Brazilian. "I do a hundred sit-ups with 90 pounds strapped to my back."

The first of Saturday's three races was won by Hoyt (who was just back from Angola, where he had raced in the Snipe world championship), the other two by Bruder, leaving the run for the overall championship a tight affair between the adman and the Brazilian. Millican fin-

ished second, 19th and 120th in the day's races and ultimately placed third.

As Sunday's final race approached Bruder loitered at the yacht club. He said "I do not care if I do not win. I have too much pounds in my baggage now, so if I win that big trophy I will have to pay much dollars for overweight."

Jorge was not overweight at the starting line, he was over early, and for his haste he was disqualified. That left the day, and the world championship, to Hoyt. As the manager of Latin American and Far East affairs for his agency, Hoyt makes frequent business trips to Africa and Australia as well as places closer home, and who can blame him if he finds time during his travels to sail small boats in big races? In St. Thomas his success was next due, however, to the expert skipper's traditional ability to excel upwind, but to the fact that he is a slick surfer. Before the wind he scooted downhill like a Portuguese man-of-war, gaining place after place while his rivals melted. Hoyt has been sailing a Sunfish only three years, but he is counted a Sunfisher by the clan. "Bruder," said one sailor's wife with asperity, "doesn't even own a Sunfish." **END**



America's Millican takes out in a sway

GRAB THE GOLD AND SAY GOODBY

Aching ankle, bad back and all, American veteran Billy Kidd beat everybody to win the combined medal at the world Alpine championship—his last fast hurrah before turning to a new career as a professional **by DAN JENKINS**

The slopes sparked with all sorts of new heroes and heroines as fresh talent kept coming down the jagged trails of northern Italy. There were a couple of relative strangers, from Switzerland and, of all places, Australia. There was a mini-teen-age rebel from Canada. But when the world championship of Alpine ski racing was all over, there stood a couple of old men we have long known. And there stood America—finally—with something gold to show for the season.

It was a time, mainly, for Billy Kidd and Karl Schranz, a couple of household names where speeding down mountains is concerned. It was Kidd and Schranz—who may now explore a whole new world of pro ski racing—who stood up to the pressures, the suspense and those newcomers and proved, among other things, that all racers do not peak just as soon as they are taken off purred baby food.

What an old racer can do on skis, old being 26 in this case, was best exemplified by Kidd, whose ankle throbbled, whose back ached so badly that he raced in a corset, who was homesick for his bathtub Porsche and whose memories of past misfortunes were outrageously vivid. Eight seasons he had carved away on the world circuit, but a gold medal was always out there somewhere a second or two beyond his reach. He was America's premier racer, but an American spotlighted only occasionally by a silver or a bronze. And it was a bronze again as the 1970 FIS began, with Kidd sprawling to a third place in the slalom.

The medal was wonderful, but the results of that opening race set in motion statistics that were far more important. Next came his 15th place in the giant slalom. Then, when a lot of the top guys crashed, suddenly, almost horrifyingly—because Americans have learned to be a pessimistic group in considerations of

gold hardware—there loomed Kidd as one of the favorites for the combined championship. To win the combined, once the most treasured of all the medals, a skier must first stand up in all three events; then he must stand up faster than anyone else.

History will say that Billy Kidd won the first U.S. men's gold medal because he buried France's Patrick Russel—his nearest rival and the combined point leader after two events—by eight seconds in the downhill. It was perhaps the best downhill ever run in the world championship by an American. But Kidd did not just go for the combined; he went for the race. He finished tied for fifth, but his time was 2:25.52—less than a second away from the bouncing, happy Swiss, Bernhard Russi, who somehow managed to win.

As Kidd had said the evening before the most important race of his life, "If I go for the downhill, the combined will take care of itself. If I try to worry about the gold, well, you know what's happened before."

Kidd had four days and nights to contemplate the downhill—and his future as a professional. He had completed the giant slalom on Tuesday and it would be Sunday before the last and most dangerous race. During this period he side-slipped the course once and skied it six times. He doctored his skis and then kept them guarded, as if he feared that some James Bondian creature from the Russel camp would steal into his room and explode them. Waxing was to be very important to the race.

America's rooters, meanwhile, tried hard to figure a way for Billy to win the combined gold without going up the lift. They couldn't help celebrating a little when Switzerland's Dumeng Giovanoli, who had a chance, was injured in downhill training and removed from con-

tention. No hard feelings, Dumeng, old buddy, but you Swiss have been up to your Jungfrau in gold medals for years and we've never had one.

Then came the worries about condition. Early in the week Kidd had said the 2½-mile course was pretty much to his liking, just technical and icy enough to suit the more experienced downhillers but not so long and grueling and spaced with so many flats that only the brutes would have a chance.

All sorts of talk circulated through Val Gardena about the downhill training. Schranz was eating up the course. Malcolm Milne, the Australian, also looked good. Henri Duvalard, the best Frenchman, didn't look good. Schranz was two seconds better than anybody. Patrick Russel was slow, a second out. Two seconds out. He fell three times. He fell four times. "It's all a con," said Kidd. "They're trying to get me to cool it."

Then came the race. Of course, Kidd didn't really cool anyone but Russel. But briefly, it looked as if he might even take a medal in the downhill itself. Up on the scoreboard with only a few racers left as a threat, he ranked third behind a big Austrian newcomer, Karl Cordin, and Schranz. But then came Russi and then came the likable Australian, Milne, who had been training with the French. Russi barely edged Cordin, and Milne, who vowed he would either crash, which he usually does, or get a medal, barely nipped Schranz for third.

That evening, with a gold and bronze

continued

The Val Gardena setting was splendid, but the speeds were more stunning, as shown in the quick-frozen portrait of Billy Kidd in which an unusual photographic technique was used to capture a racer riding at 60 mph.





to dangle around his neck from this championship and four medals for his career (he also won a silver in the slalom and a bronze in the combined at Innsbruck), it was necessary for Kidd to make the decision that might affect the entire sport. He would turn pro, he said, and barge right onto a professional circuit now being organized. Open racing had to come, he felt, as open tennis had come. This would help. He would lead and he expected others, like Schranz, to follow. Karl said he might. Like Kidd, he would certainly leave the amateur circuit at last, having rescued his country again from what might have been the biggest disaster since Avery Brundage tried to take the trade names off the skis at Grenoble.

The Austrians had got off to their most dreadful start ever in the men's slalom, and one could envision Austrian instructors all over the world not showing up to meet their beginner classes after they received the news. In the opening event no Austrian finished the race, Schranz and Harald Rofner fell, Heim Messner missed a gate and Herbert Huber, who had won a silver at Grenoble, never even started.

But good old Schranz, who is sort of the Sam Snead of ski racing, brought them back all right, as he has so often done. Schranz was simply magnificent in about the most tiring and rugged giant slalom race the world championship has ever staged. Both runs were as long as the average downhill—better than two minutes—and Schranz had the fastest time in both, while a teammate, Werner Bleiner, followed right after him.

As Karl won that race a lot of historical footnotes trailed behind him. He had now won medals in FIS meets eight years apart. He had won, probably, the 100th or so race of his 14-year career. Twice as many as anyone else, at least. Two rooms of his family hotel in St. Anton overflowed with trophies. He had been a marvel and he knew why: "I win because I like it better than anyone else," he said. "I love training. Soccer, tennis, running. I don't drink, smoke or eat spaghetti. I've never felt bad a day in my life. When I win I go to bed at 9 o'clock and everyone else celebrates.

All I ever wanted to be was a ski racer and I am very happy."

So were an awful lot of young girls. It seems that ever since the Goitschel sisters emerged a few years ago the French have had a habit of dominating the ladies' races. Where they keep coming from—these coiled little bundles of freckles and speed—only the government may know. But they keep coming. Three new stars—Ingrid Lafforgue, Michèle Jacot and Françoise Macchi—teamed up with a couple of old battlers, Isabelle Mir and Florence Steurer, to capture no fewer than seven of the 12 medals available in Italy. It was all very repetitious. The French girls would ski down, start hugging and then get swept away to open-air radio and television booths while photographers climbed on top of each other, at times forming a human mountain large enough to set a few slalom gates on.

The imposing box score on the French girls showed that Lafforgue and Jacot were one-three in the slalom. Mir was second in the downhill. Lafforgue and Macchi were two-three in the giant slalom and Jacot and Steurer were one-two in combined. They very nearly swept everything, in fact. Lafforgue not only blazed to about a two-second victory in the slalom, she was only .07 of a second out of first in the giant slalom, while Mir was half a second behind Annecroisi Zryd, the Swiss, in a downhill that saw only those two girls crack two minutes.

But in the wake of another French landslide it could happily be reported that the only other nation to claim two medals in the girls' events was the U.S. While our veterans, our shopworn old ladies of from 18 to 20 years, who had experience, which is to say our Judy Nagels, Kiki Cutters and Karen Budes, were rather disappointing, we were saved by two bright newcomers, the Sisters Cochran.

Although they were in the same age bracket, they had never been in world-championship starting gates before and no one knew exactly how they might take to the pressure. They were, of course, just swell.

Barbara, who is younger at 19, smaller, has longer blonde hair and weeps less frequently at finish lines than Marilyn. 20, skied a nifty slalom down a couple of steep, icy courses and got a silver behind Ingrid Lafforgue. Meanwhile, Marilyn bagged a bronze in combined by finishing sixth in both slalom and giant

slalom and ninth in downhill. It marked the first time since 1948 that an American girl had won a combined medal. Gretchen Fraser having done it at St. Moritz. Aside from taking a medal, it was simply nice to see someone from the U.S. stand up in three races.

Aside from Judy Nagel's fifth in the slalom, no other American ladies were to be noticed. So Barbara and Marilyn bore down and kept the hundred or so U.S. tourists in the valley interested with their second and sixth in slalom, their sixth and ninth in giant slalom, their ninth and 21st in downhill and their third and fourth in combined. They obviously did not provide as much all-out delicious fun for their nation as the French girls did, but at least the Cochrans let the world know that girl skiing is still alive and struggling in America.

Why we never seem to have a Betsy Clifford was a question that U.S. fans will have to go on asking, and not just in the wood-carved hamlets of Selva, St. Cristina and Ortisei, which were the three plates of pasta that linked Val Gardena in the white Dolomites. Betsy Clifford is the 16-year-old Canadian rowdy who already has a gold medal now while we keep awaiting the reincarnation of Andrea Mead Lawrence.

Maybe our girls ought to switch to smoking cigarettes and just trying to go fast, like this Betsy Clifford, instead of brooding on concentration and beautiful, slow turns. Betsy doesn't really smoke anymore. She gave it up last year at 15. Short, spunky, round, green-eyed, with long flowing hair and dabs of fluorescent blue eye shadow on her lids, Betsy just went out and beat everybody in the giant slalom with the same triggerish drive that Nancy Greene once had.

In the final analysis, of course, it was Kidd who stole the show. He had solved the great American uniform dilemma—the team never got any because, apparently, somebody forgot to pick up the phone. But Billy Kidd saw that they all got starred-and-striped sweaters to race in. And as the world combined champion he took a rather snobbish place in the sport, right there with Jean-Claude, Stein, Tons—all of those others who had won it.

Not a very likely location to have looked for an American ski racer before, but then who could have known that Billy Kidd would never stop trying until it happened?

END

*The combined gold medal around his neck and
Gretchen Amante helmet over his shoulder.
Rearer Kidd poses for his first amateur picture.*

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Bend an Ear to the Mad Music of Daytona

To its followers stock-car racing is a spectacular and happy marriage of speed and sound. At tracks such as Daytona's International Speedway there is a Niagara of noise: unmuffled Fords and Mercurys, Plymouths and Dodges racing at speeds of 180 mph and more, placing the spectators in an atmosphere of sound so intense and vibratory that they feel themselves not mere witnesses but participants in the action. As Sunday's Daytona 500-mile race approaches—that meeting of the Yarbraughs, Pettys and Fayts for a \$182,000 purse and the opportunity to speak to 200,000 eardrums—Photographer Phillip Leonian attempts in these pages to show the scene as the fans themselves see and feel it. His technique is to isolate tiny portions of color transparencies and magnify them enormously. Here, then, is not the controlled clarity of golf or baseball but the throb of a tumultuous, mercurial activity which, once sampled, can be addictive. Not so long ago Daytona's 500 was a regional curiosity. Today it rivals the Indianapolis 500 in its claims on the viscera of the speed fan.



In part it is an orderly, craftsman's world of tools and engines, involving the most painstaking care to make things right. But when trouble comes and a driver is sliding out of control at frightening speeds, his only tools are reflexes and luck. The unluckiest ones meet walls or guardrails. Sometimes they roll or get airborne. At times of greatest dread they need the firemen.







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The 500 is also a flagman signaling an accident, VIP fans on platforms above the crowd and a photographer closing in on Victory Lane to shoot the winner.

◆ One of the stars this year of the Westminster Kennel Club's annual New York Showout was a giant schnauzer named Quedame Dela Sengasse. Possessed and properly law-abiding, he won best-in-breed, to the delight of his owner, Jack Beisel, once a sort of star himself. Beisel played opposite busty Jane Russell in *The Outlaw*, an eyebrow-raiser of 1946 that liberated Miss Russell's bosom and gave film censors itchy censor fingers. For Beisel, that was the high-water mark of his career before the advent of Quedame. "He's worth about \$10,000," said Beisel, who received the dog as a birthday present from his wife. "His stud fee should be about \$500. That's a lot more interesting than making movies."

Columbus O's new dance team of Kern and Jankowski may never be seen on national television, but that's all right. The pair went through that routine back in 1968 when, as an unbeatable



passing combination, Quarterback Rex Kern and End Bruce Jankowski led Ohio State to recognition as the country's No. 1 football team and to victory in the Rose Bowl. Now, as a course requirement in the university's physical education curriculum, they are teaching seventh- and eighth-grade boys and girls ballroom and modern dance. "We could have taught handball or volleyball," said the Buckeyes, "but we like dancing."

On the average of once every 31 years for the past 2½ centuries, Princes of Wales have taken their seats in England's House of Lords. Until Prince Charles, however, none had ever entered as a qualified pilot. The day before his installment, the prince was notified that after 18 months and just under 100 hours of flying time, he had passed two written exams and an oral in such subjects as aviation law, meteorology, airframes and engines, entitling him to carry a Grade A license and to fly any small, single-engine aircraft. Apparently as impressed with a pilot's peak as his royal duty, Charles already was in pursuit of his Grade B license, for twin-engine planes. Said his father,

Prince Philip, two jumps ahead of Charles as a Grade C pilot: "There is a sort of residual attitude among people who do not fly that anybody with a title is much too stupid to do anything like that."

◆ Barnstorming with her husband through the Midwest early this month, Pat Nixon found herself tooth by jawl with two young boxers at Indianapolis' Christamore House. So far so good, but what, the First Lady wondered aloud, bulked so large in the boys' jaws? "My month-piece, ma'am," replied one of the young men. "Oh, is that what that is," cried Mrs. Nixon. "I always thought it was bubble gum!"

The bus carrying 16 black pro football players drove into Holy Springs, Miss., but it did not tour College or Falconer Streets, where mansions restored to antebellum splendor are thrown open to the public each year during the annual Pilgrimage. Instead, it rolled on to the back side of town to view the bombed-out remains of the school, the rickety shacks and the undernourished children running around barefoot. The group's leader, ex-

Cleveland Brown Fullback Jim Brown, who directs the Black Economic Union between tough-guy movie roles, said the athletes were there to dramatize the BEU's "adopt a county" plan. They want black organizations to pick a county and provide its black people with food and clothing and an opportunity for them to help themselves. "There isn't a man here," said Brown, "who could turn the other cheek. The nature of athletics is to come back stronger than the other guy." Among those in agreement were Erich Barnes and Leroy Kelly of the Browns, hardly shrinking types.

Hugh O'Brian accepted the lead in *Havp*, an original feature film made for television, just because he had never worked with an eagle before (more actors should choose their roles as sensibly). O'Brian plays an architect embittered by his marriage. As a therapist, he takes off to the Sierra Nevada foothills, where he embarks upon the simpler, more restful task of training a happy eagle to hunt wolves. "A bad expert, George Toth, trained the eagles," says O'Brian. "He's worked with eagles before, but he never had to train the performer, too. He had to try to teach me in two weeks what he had spent 30 years learning." The happy eagle, a native of Central and South America, is a big, strong bird. With a wingspan of seven feet and a weight of 20 pounds, it can indeed kill a wolf, though in the film this achievement was indicated as having happened off-camera. A great part of training birds of prey to hunt involves going around with them on your arm for days at a time. "You have a crutch to rest your arm on," O'Brian says, "but my longest stretch was eight straight hours. You get to realize," he said thoughtfully, "that a 20-pound bird is a heavy son of a bitch."



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These unknown JCs are tomorrow's BMOCs

Successful college coaches are turning to the junior college for a quick transfusion of talent. Here are the country's six best JC prospects who next season should become major team stars by PETER GARRY

Last March 21 time appeared to run out on Drake University's surprising basketball team. It had played brilliantly but lost 85-82 to UCLA in the semifinals of the NCAA tournament, and four of its starters were seniors. With no adequate replacements coming up from the freshmen, it seemed likely that quite a few Marches would come and go before the Bulldogs neared another national championship.

But with February running its course, Drake is back, and the 1969-70 version of the team is almost as sharp—and as unknown—as its predecessor. Tied with Louisville for the Missouri Valley lead, the Bulldogs are in good position to play a rematch with UCLA. They have already made certain that their coach, Maury John, will keep his position as the country's No. 1 recruiter of junior-college talent. Three of the top six players on last season's team came from the two-year schools; six of the nine best on this season's 17-5 club are former JC stars.

John's success with JCs is having its emulators. About 100 miles east of the Drake campus, Ralph Miller of Iowa has built a Big Ten leader out of the same players who finished 12-12 a year ago plus Fred Brown, a playmaking guard from Burlington (Iowa) Junior College. In New York City, NYU's Lou Rossini startled the Eastern basketball Establishment—traditionally anti-junior college—by taking in JCL players for the first time. And UCLA is wheeling toward its fourth consecutive NCAA title with transfers John Vallely and Sidney Wicks leading the scoring.

"The junior colleges are the fastest-growing education system in the country," says Miller. "They provide a good place for boys who did not buckle down to academics early enough or whose talents had not been developed enough during high school for them to learn to study and to play basketball at a major

college. The improvement of JC players in recent years has been phenomenal."

California, with the nation's most extensive junior-college system, usually has provided the best basketball players. This year, though, the top prospects come from anywhere but California. Here are the best of them. Known only locally now, they should become tomorrow's college stars.

Prized above all the rest is Harold Fox, a 6' 1" guard who plays for unbeaten (22-0) Brevard Junior College in Cocoa, Fla. UCLA, Jacksonville, Florida State and North Carolina State, all among this year's top 10 teams, lead the list of 300 big schools pursuing Fox, who was the first schoolboy since Elgin Baylor to make All-Metropolitan Washington, D.C. three years in a row.

Fox leads his team's five double-figure scorers with a 26.3 average and is second in assists but, says Brevard Coach Jim Oler, "The greatest thing about Harold this year is that his defense matches his offense." That is only partially true. The best thing Fox has done is pull up his grades to meet the transfer requirements of major colleges. "He's adjusted well to classes," says Oler. "He's an intelligent kid who never applied himself or was made to apply himself before."

Right behind Fox are two tall players in Texas who are also being heavily recruited. One, hard-eating 6' 8" Steve Davidson of Christian College of the Southwest in Dallas, has not been helpful—off court—to his college, which plans to give up basketball next year because of the expense. "A snack to Steve is three cheeseburgers, a couple of grilled cheese sandwiches and a waffle," winks Coach Bill Blakeley. "At dinner he usually puts away two dozen rolls." On court, New York-raised Davidson burns up all those calories scoring 23 points a game and grabbing 20 rebounds.

For 6' 7" Forward Bob Nash, San Jacinto College of Pasadena, Texas is mer-

ely a stopover between his home in Hartford, Conn. and the University of Kansas. It is a good stopover. He scores 22.8 points a game, averages 18 rebounds and is the fastest man on the team.

Charlie Brakes, a 6' 7" forward at Burlington, comes from the strongest JC basketball program in the country (Iowa's Brown is one of six Burlington graduates of the past two years to play for major college teams and the school has three alumni who have made it to the pros). Bothered by injuries, Brakes has only recently begun to hit close to his expected 25-point pace. He has narrowed his choices for next season to Jacksonville, Iowa, Minnesota and UTEP and should be a starter for any of them.

After Fox, the next best JC guards are Charlie Dudley, who scores 24 points a game for Moberly (Mo.) JC, and Oscar Evans, a mere 13.4 scorer who quarterbacked the offense and defense for Vincennes (Ind.), the top-ranked junior-college team in the country. Recruiters seem unconcerned about Evans' low scoring since he does everything else well, and, after all, what coach can turn down a player named Oscar who was raised in Indianapolis?

THE WEEK

WEST

A 12-point spurt by Center Dennis Awtry in the last four minutes of the first half against Pacific gave Santa Clara the boost it needed to take over the West Coast Athletic Conference lead. With the score tied for the 11th time at 32-32, Awtry pumped in his team's next seven points on a layup, a tip-in, a hook, a rebound follow-up, a goading violation by Pacific's John Giannelli and two free throws, giving his team a 44-39 half-

continued



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time edge. Awtry's deadeye shooting close to the basket netted him 27 points in all as the Broncos won 80-71. Earlier, Pacific defeated the league's other top contender, the University of San Francisco, 86-60.

Utah and UTEP, separated by half a game in the Western Athletic Conference, are headed for a showdown in El Paso next week. The WAC's best teams won four games between them, all on their home courts. The Utes scored 16 points in a row midway through the first period in routing Arizona 92-75 and then raced past Arizona State 107-93. The Miners dropped Wyoming 88-80 and Colorado State 80-41.

With a two-game lead and all four of its remaining league games to be played at home, Weber State all but wrapped up the Big Sky Conference championship by winning two of three games on a road trip through Idaho. The Wildcats defeated Idaho 67-60 and then split two games with their nearest contender, Idaho State. The Bengals' high-scoring wingman, Willie Humes, pointed in 35 points as ISU won the first meeting 85-77, but Weber Coach Phil Johnson devised a 2-3 zone defense that collapsed a guard and a forward on Humes when the teams met the next night. Humes, who averages 30.6 points a game, was checked with only 14 points while Willie Soujourner scored 22 points and grabbed 18 rebounds for the Wildcats in their 70-65 overtime victory.

Sidney Wicks, who totaled 42 points and 36 rebounds in the three games, led UCLA to a triple victory over Washington and Washington State. The Bruins defeated State 72-70 and 95-61 and topped the Huskies 101-85 to increase their Pacific Eight lead to three games.

After beating Montana State 92-73, New Mexico State jolted Air Force 99-81 as the Aggies' defense forced 27 turnovers by the Falcons and Jimmy Collins set a school record of 42 points.

1. UCLA (20-0) 2. NEW MEXICO ST. (20-2)

MIDWEST

"I've never been in an avalanche or a tornado, but that's what it must be like," said North Texas State Coach Dan Spika of the nose level in State's gym as a crowd numbering 600 over capacity roared the Eagles on to a 93-81 double overtime upset of Missouri Valley Conference leader Drake. The Eagles were outscored and outshot by the visiting Bulldogs, who suffered their first MVC loss in 18 games, but the home-court advantage paid off in extra pressure and extra penalties for the Drake players. They committed 25 turnovers to State's five and were called for 20 fouls in the second half and overtimes after committing only five in the opening period. Drake later beat Bradley 68-65, but its loss dropped the defend-

ing champions into a tie with Louisville, victor over Wichita State by 91-84 and Tulsa 77-67. Should the co-leaders falter, Cincinnati, loser of three of its first four MVC games this season, could move ahead. Coach Tay Baker's Bearcats have now won eight consecutive Missouri Valley Conference games, including two last week over Wichita State 84-57 and Tulsa 72-68.

Kansas State wavered to its second straight Big Eight loss, bowing to Iowa State 80-64, but held on to its conference lead by coming back to win a critical game with Kansas. With the Wildcats trailing the Jayhawks by nine points in the second half, Bob Zender and Jerry Venable combined to score 13 straight points and give Kansas State the lead it never relinquished on the way to a 71-68 win.

By defeating SMU 66-63 and Baylor 61-60, Rice took over the Southwest Conference lead from TCU, beaten twice. The Horned Frogs lost 75-40 at Texas Tech and 77-73 to Texas A&M. Against Tech, TCU was literally handicapped. A campus policeman slapped brackets on the Frogs' Evans Royal during a melee in the final minute of the game.

Houston topped Hardin-Simmons 109-91 and Miami (Fla.) 118-98.

1. HOUSTON (10-3) 2. DRAKE (17-5)

EAST

"When they left the zone and switched to man-for-man, they quit doing what they do best," said Davidson's sophomore Guard Brian Adrian of South Carolina's second-half defensive tactics against the Wildcats last week. "They admitted they were in trouble, but they're too good to choke. We just played a little cooler." There was no one calmer than Adrian, who hit eight of nine shots and scored 22 of his 26 points in the last period as Davidson, which had trailed by 10 points at the half, stopped the Gamecocks' unbeaten string at 17 games, 68-62. Adrian received plenty of help from his front court of Mike Maley, Doug Cook and Jerry Krell. They held South Carolina's three tall men, Tom Owens, Tom Riker and John Ribick, who average out at over 6' 9", to only 14 points. Davidson later clinched the Southern Conference title with an easy 97-60 win over Richmond.

The Gamecocks, who had two league wins—81-54 over Wake Forest and 82-65 over Duke—were not the only Atlantic Coast Conference team to feel the bite of outsiders. After North Carolina tripped up once-defeated North Carolina State 88-86, the two teams played back-to-back games with Georgia Tech, already the loser to ACC's last-place Clemson Tech's 6' 10" Rich Yunkus must have forgotten to look at the standings. On Friday he craved through State's defense for 27 points and

20 rebounds as his team won 89-77. That was just about half as well as he did on Saturday against North Carolina. Hitting 14 of 21 field-goal tries and 19 of 20 foul shots, Yunkus scored 47 points and the Yellowjacks won 104-95.

Up North, Massachusetts was also upset-minded. With spectacular sophomore Julius Erving scoring 34 points and pulling in 25 rebounds, the Redmen trounced Holy Cross, which has the best record in New England, 83-66.

St. Bonaventure defeated Seton Hall 103-83 and Providence 68-52 as Bob Lanier led the scoring with 37 and 26 points.

1. ST. BONA (17-1) 2. S. CAROLINA (10-2)

MIDEAST

Iowa Coach Ralph Miller considers defense his strong suit, so it seemed superfluous when a new, three-digit scoreboard was installed in the Hawkeyes' field house before the season began. In 68 years Iowa had scored over 100 points only 11 times. So far this season, as the surprised Big Ten leaders, the Hawkeyes have needed that third digit in eight games, including twice last week as they bombed Wisconsin 119-100 and Michigan State 103-77. The victories gave Iowa an 8-0 conference record and a 1½-game lead over defending champion Purdue, which is putting together a late-season rally behind the record-breaking shooting of Rick Mount. Mount scored 69 points last week to set a new Big Ten three-season mark of 1,259 points as the Boilermakers crushed Indiana 98-80 and erstwhile league-leader Illinois 83-49.

Marshall University, ejected from the Mid-American Conference last summer for football recruiting violations, enjoyed sweet revenge by knocking off MAC leader Ohio 93-88. Sophomore Forward Russ Lee led the Thundering Herd with 29 points and 17 rebounds. Ohio bounced back to ensure itself of at least a tie for the MAC title by defeating Miami 58-57 on Greg McDaniels' basket with 15 seconds to play.

Even with previously suspended Dick McGowan and Randy Poffe permanently dropped from the team by Coach Adolph Rupp for violating curfew, Kentucky took a firm hold on the Southeastern Conference race. The Wildcats topped Mississippi State 86-57 and Florida 110-66 while their toughest rival, Georgia, lost twice, 94-86 at Alabama and 57-55 at Tennessee. Louisiana State and Mississippi both triumphed at Vanderbilt for the first time in 16 years, by scores of 99-89 and 83-80 respectively. The Commodores, considered one of the SEC's strongest teams before the season began, are now, at 9-12, headed for their worst year since 1948.

1. KENTUCKY (10-1) 2. IOWA (12-4)

A hard day's week for a new lady pro

Several years ago Mickey Wright more or less retired to Dallas to find happiness at 32 wedding her periwinkle bed. Since then the women's professional golf tour has wound its weekly and monotonous way through interstate country, from Waco to Pensacola to Shreveport, seldom generating more excitement than the next Colonel Sanders finger-lickin' stand. But last week, at the first and richest LPGA tournament of the year—the \$40,000 *Burdine's Invitational* in Miami—there were indications that

1970 might just be different. A trusty veteran—Carol Mann—took the top money, but took farther down the tournament summaries, down, down to 36th place. There is the name: JoAnne Gunderson Carner. The five-time U.S. Amateur champion, who long and volubly maintained (\$1, Feb. 10, 1969) that pro golf was not for her, was out there among the rookies at the Country Club of Miami slicing, hooking, three-putting and sweating to earn a check for \$305.

In this same tournament last year, playing as an amateur, she had trounced the lady pros, taking home the silver trophy and grandly left them the \$5,200-first-place purse to pay their turnpike tolls. In the exuberance of that victory, JoAnne made some remarks that rankled, and ever since the pros have been ready for revenge. "Most of the pros don't show me much," JoAnne said at the time. "Some of them think they are the greatest thing walking, but give me the top 10 amateurs and we would beat the top 10 professionals."

After that volley of disdain, her announcement last October that she was turning professional was something of a shock. For a decade JoAnne had been the golden girl of golf amateurs, seldom bothering to practice, playing just a few competitive rounds a year, yet dominating the sport with her superb talents and walloping drives. In six LPGA starts, she had one win and two seconds.

For years businessmen have tried to lure JoAnne into pro golf. She stoutly refused, married, and with her husband Don Carner bought and operated a par-60 golf course in Seekonk, Mass. If she had turned professional six or eight years ago chances are the lady pros would be playing for considerably higher stakes now. She has Palmer-like qualities—a penchant for gambling and the kind of strength that leaves galleries delighted and unimpressed.

After all these years of refusing to be a pro, why, then, did she relent? Winning the 1969 *Burdine's* tournament had something to do with it, JoAnne says. But there were other things.

"I had become bored with golf," she says, "and I was making a sport out of seeing how well I could play with a minimum of practice and competition. We were working 14 hours a day, running our golf course. Don had a brain hemorrhage in June. And after that we de-

cided to hire a manager to run it. We both like to travel, and we're going to enjoy ourselves."

The Carners bought themselves a silver Cadillac and a matching silver 31-foot trailer that has color TV, hi-fi and air conditioning. This is to be their home on the ladies' pro tour. Last week they pulled into the Yacht Haven trailer park in Fort Lauderdale where, on the eve of her professional debut, JoAnne cooked up a platter of frogs' legs for some neighbors and friends. The television was turned to a local sports program, and Kathy Whitworth, the top-ranked woman pro, was being interviewed. In her harsh Southwest twang she spoke for several minutes about the LPGA's fine young players and their extraordinary potential. JoAnne Carner's name was not mentioned.

The cook kept on sautéing the frogs' legs and said nothing. Lying on one of the trailer sofas was a copy of a golf magazine called *Tee*, the cover showing Shirley Englehorn smiling broadly and the caption underneath reading "LPGA Winner of Burdine Classic, 1969." Miss Englehorn was runner-up to JoAnne in that tournament, but with a deft verbal finesse, Shirley became a cover girl. The established lady pros were getting some of their own back. At the moment, JoAnne and the frogs' legs were being fried. (JoAnne scored some points when the *Burdine's* people starred her on the cover of their 1970 program.)

Although she seemed confident, her practice rounds early in the week had been disappointing. She was not driving well, and her competition in these rounds was not ideal. Of the pros, only Patty Berg had offered to play an 18 with JoAnne before the tournament. The other days, she picked up games with local college students she found hanging around the first tee.

A year ago JoAnne was declaring with amateur bravado that she only looked at a course once before a tournament otherwise she would find out where all the trouble was. But Carner, the pro, played the Country Club of Miami's West Course four straight practice days. "I've begun to feel obligated," she said.

Meanwhile, JoAnne's rivals were doing some feverish practicing, too. "I haven't seen them work this hard before," pro Bob Toski remarked at the tournament. Asked if she was working hard to beat JoAnne, Sune Berrang said



PRO JOANNE CARNER: PLENTY TO LOVE

cooly. "I will play par, not her."

JoAnne has retained her aggressive head-to-head match-play approach. "I play people," she said. "I've got to get mad at somebody, so I'm going to play the LPGA's top five." She might be outnumbered, and certainly last week she was outgunned, but JoAnne deserves no particular sympathy and she expects none. "I brought all this pressure on myself," she admits.

There is no doubt that the old pros view her cautiously. Betsy Rawls said, "In the past JoAnne has never really committed herself to being No. 1. She has never taken on the pressure. When she was an amateur that always gave her an out. I wonder if she has really committed herself now. If she has, I think she will become No. 1."

Only two rookies in LPGA history have managed to win four events. Last year no pro with less than five years' experience was victorious (and the average winning pro had 11). JoAnne knows these statistics, yet she has set three wins

as her 1970 goal. Carol Mann is betting that JoAnne gets them. But most pros are skeptical.

For her first round as a professional golfer JoAnne showed up looking still very much like an amateur. She had her old amateur bag with all the medallions from past amateur events hanging from it, and her glove bore the emblem of the Country Club of Miami. She is gambling on a couple of quick successes to make a more lucrative endorsement deal on equipment.

She was paired in the opening round with two pros of gamesmanship, Marlene Huggie and Sandra Haynie. A pair of ladies from the U.S. Golf Association, which runs the amateur sport, stood on the first tee and blew JoAnne goodby and good-luck kisses as she walked out and teed it up as a pro. Some men in the gallery began arguing about how much she weighs. At 30 JoAnne is a broad, solid woman—"There's a lot there to love," her husband says with an affectionate pat. She put her first drive

in a trap, and things did not improve much after that. Partner Sandra scored a 68 for first-round lead, Marlene had a 75 and JoAnne birdied the final hole for a Friday-the-13th round of 77. The day definitely had gone to the old pros.

JoAnne played the second round with two obscure players, yet even after her disastrous opening she continued to draw a sizable crowd. With nothing much to lose, she went out gambling, determined to shoot 86 or 68. She could have had the 68 had she not left seven putts from inside six feet hanging on the edge of the cup. Result: a 75 and a two-day score of 152. Sunday she had her worst round of all, an 81. "I've had my comeuppance," she said after finishing. "But keep the faith."

For the next few months JoAnne Gunderson Carner will be out there playing with the tour rabbits, but don't for a moment think the old hands aren't watching. They are not about to leave her roaming without supervision in their \$700,000 lettuce patch.

END



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SOMEHOW, YOU FEEL MORE IMPORTANT ON TWA.



What could Martin McGrady do for an encore after nipping Lee Evans (above) and setting a world record in L.A.? Break it in Louisville

McGrady's game, deck, deal

People, guys who get paid to be reporters, keep asking Ralph Doubell the darndest questions. Win one lousy gold medal and right away you go from obscurity to a fish bowl where even the color of your undershorts is no longer sacred. Like the guy in New York a few weeks ago who demanded to know why Doubell drank French champagne instead of Kentucky bourbon? Or another who wanted to know what the swinging Aussie bachelor thought of U.S. girls as compared to, say, the ones in Belgium? And what else could Doubell do but say that if anyone happened to have any bourbon he'd be happy to swallow some, say a fifth. And as to that probing question on the qualities of the various young ladies around the world, well, so far the tests are incomplete, but, yes, going well. And now, gentlemen, are there any questions about, uh, track? To which, last week in Los Angeles, a TV man responded, "Now that you mention it, Ralphie baby, who do you think is the best man in your 600-yard race Friday night?" Splat! "Now just who did he think I thought was the best man?" Doubell said a few days before last Friday's Los Angeles

Times meet. "Martin McGrady? Lee Evans? If I didn't think I was the best, I wouldn't be running in it." Then he had to grin. "And I'm sure going to find out if I'm the best or not, aren't I?"

For Doubell, it would be his first 600 indoors. Sure, the program offered an 800 and a 1,000. Doubell holds the indoor world record in both. He couldn't lose either race if they made him compete on his hands and knees. Ah, but the challenge of the 600, which has become the glamour race of this indoor season, started him. Some men are content to climb no higher than the steps on their front porch, others must go up the sides of Everest. And so Doubell chose Everest, the 600, where he'd have to face Martin McGrady and Lee Evans.

It was the same challenge that lured Evans back to the 600, although twice before this season he had gone against McGrady and lost. It's not his distance. His Olympic gold medal and his world record are in the 400 meters, and if he wanted to run nothing but 440s indoors every promoter in the country would be happy to shake, tradition and oblige. "And I guess I could find a couple of guys to run against," said Evans, at the

same time dismissing any such thought. To him, winning 440s against stiffos would be as unrewarding as Lindbergh having taken a boat to France. Indoors you seek out the giants—even if you have to take them on at their game. And the 600 is McGrady's game.

"A little blackjack?" said McGrady. "Why not," said Evans and Doubell. "My deck," said McGrady. "Fine," said Evans. "I'll deal," said McGrady. Doubell shrugged. "Hit me, baby."

But the dealer almost didn't get to play. Martin McGrady doesn't run the 600, he owns it. Twenty-five races, 23 wins, the world record (1:09) and, until he beat Evans in the Millrose Games three weeks ago, the only way he could have got into the Times meet was as a spectator. Then five days before the race his coach, Brooks Johnson of the Sports International Track Club of Washington, D.C., called Los Angeles.

"Some dream race you got out there," said Johnson. "The best 600 runner in the world, the guy who's run it faster than anybody, and he isn't even invited. You've got to be kidding."

"Oops," said Will Kern, the meet director, reaching for an invitation, an envelope and an armful stamp.

On the afternoon of the race McGrady sat in a hotel coffee shop, staring at a large orange juice. He thought of Doubell and he grimaced. "I really don't know anything about him, except he's supposed to be a great half-miler," he said, and smiled. "Personally, I think he's been built up to be more than he really is. That's all I've been hearing: Doubell this and Doubell that, about his great kick. Who's he ever kicked against?" Again the little smile. "Use your kick against one guy and everybody may say it's great. But use it against another guy—"

"You!" "Yeah, maybe. And then everybody will say, what kick? I just don't think Doubell is that good a runner. I think I can go up and crack his record in the half mile. What is it? Forty-eight? What's that? Shoot."

McGrady shifted his stare from the orange juice to his right knee, which he began to rub. Earlier that morning he had slipped in a puddle during a workout and fell. When he regained his feet he was totally wet and partly lame. Later a doctor told him he could run that

night, but if it began to hurt to stop." "I aggravated a tendon," McGrady said. "Had the same thing two years ago. But I'm going to run. The doctor said it would probably kill me after the race, but I don't care about that."

He stood up. "You know, that Doubell is in for a surprise," he said. "I figure early in the race I'll be first and Lee will be second. That means he's got to go around two of us. And first he's got to go around Lee. Let's see him do that."

In his first two losses, Lee Evans had found himself running McGrady's race, a quick burst to the front and then trying to light off any challengers. In L.A., he decided it would be different.

"This is only the second race this year I've really been psyched up for, I mean really psyched," he said. "It's because I got dusted a couple of times. Man, I'm not going to get my butt kicked on national television. Tonight I'm going to run my race."

Doubell drew the first lane. Then Evans, McGrady and, in lane four, Len Van Hofwegen of the Southern California Striders, who looked as though he wished he had drawn seat 37, row 8, section 5. McGrady was the only one who dropped into a sprinter's crouch. And the only one who broke before the gun. Then they were off. McGrady streaking into the first turn and the lead, Evans a few steps behind, Doubell third. As they swept out of the second turn a TV cameraman got too close to the Aussie and was straight-armed six feet into the infield.

On the second lap Doubell moved past Evans into second and he began thinking about winning. On the third lap Evans shot into the lead. "And when he did," Doubell said later, "I said good-bye to the race. It was, to say the least, shocking. I also knew I was running my last 600. Those guys are just too bloody fast over a short distance."

When Evans roared into the lead, McGrady was having his own moment of shock. "I never expected him to come at me that soon," he said. "He was running a beautiful strategic race. Just beautiful. But then I thought, what the heck, just because he's making a surge that doesn't mean I'm fading."

It was then that McGrady saw the finish line. "In every race it's my final point," he said. "You know how they tell you in karate to concentrate all the power in your body on a single focal point? Well, the finish line is my focal

point. I don't care who is in front of me. I know I'll always get there first."

Just as McGrady sighted in on his focal point, Evans began to tie up. First he felt his arms going fast. "When you begin to lose your rhythm, to slow down, you always begin moving your arms faster," he said. "Not your legs. Your arms. That's when you know you're in trouble. Then you feel it in the legs. Then your neck and chest get tight. All you can do is run as hard as you can and hope nobody catches you."

But McGrady was cutting up. With less than five yards to go, he drew even, and that's the way it looked at the finish. Uh-uh. "I figured he has about three-quarters of his body out in front," said Evans. "He won by an inch." Which is the way the camera saw it, too. But both men were timed in 1:08.7—a world record plus. McGrady's old record had been set at Louisville, where there are only eight laps to the mile. The track in the Los Angeles Forum is 11 laps to the mile, and consequently slower.

Doubell finished third in 1:09.8, up to then the third-fastest time for a 600 this season. "The race was a couple of hundred yards too short," he said. "And they can both thank my reputation for their record. They weren't racing me, they were racing my reputation. It had them scared."

Be that as it may, what was scaring McGrady on Saturday was that his plane from Los Angeles was landing in Cincinnati and he was supposed to be running a 600 that night in Freedom Hall, which is in Louisville. It seems the runway in Louisville was too icy for landing. McGrady finally made it to Freedom Hall and that big eight-lap track and went out and ran another world record, a 1:08.5, beating Tommie Turner of Murray State by eight yards.

"I felt I could break the record comfortably here," McGrady told Frank Litsky of *The New York Times* after the race, "but I spent from 8 a.m. to an hour before the race just getting here. I was darn tired. My muscles couldn't get relaxed and I was stiff during the race. I heard Turner coming around the last turn. That made me run."

"I thought I would be strong enough to catch him in the stretch," said Turner. "I thought he was dying, but he was still moving."

People keep getting the wrong ideas about Martin McGrady.

END

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do.



Hand Blended in Holland

BRIDGE / Charles Goren

The time for excellence

It is never easy to answer the question, "Which is more important in bridge, the bidding or the play?" any more than it is to answer, "Is so-and-so a good player?" The answer to the latter is another question: "Compared to whom?" which I have also heard offered in reply to "How's your wife?"

In top-class bridge circles the difference between one player and another of almost equal ability is the way he plays his cards. But in most cases playing a little better than the other fellow doesn't really make much difference in the result for the reason that the superlative play is so seldom required. Another way may work just as well.

It therefore gives me rare pleasure to report this case in which my friend Lee Hazen, sitting South, caused his partner, Stan Stayman, to remind him that it was growing late, only to apologize later, because this turned out to be the one hand in a thousand that needed superlative treatment.

After the opening lead, Hazen sur-

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

		NORTH			
		♠ K 9 8 7 3			
		♥ 7 3			
		♦ 3 4			
		♣ K Q 2			
		WEST			
		♠ A 10 6 5 4			
		♥ Q J 9 8			
		♦ C			
		♣ 7 6 4			
		SOUTH			
		♠ J			
		♥ 10 4			
		♦ A K Q J 2			
		♣ A J 10 9 8			
		NORTH		EAST	
		1 ♠	PASS	2 ♠	PASS
		2 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
		3 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS

Opening lead: queen of hearts

veyed his partner's hand with some satisfaction, at least he and Stayman had stayed out of a losing slam. Unless one of the defenders held three trumps and four diamonds, giving declarer a chance to get rid of both of dummy's heart losers after drawing two rounds of trumps and running four good diamonds, South would surely have to lose a heart and a spade trick. But being the exceptionally fine player that he is, Hazen also considered whether there was any possibility that he could lose his five-club contract. It looked inconceivable. In fact, he was tempted to draw the trumps and lead his singleton up to the spades in dummy, hoping that West might hold out the ace and let declarer steal a spade trick. Or possibly he could try for that combination previously outlined, cashing only two rounds of trumps before leading out diamonds. Instead, Hazen took the gloomy view: What if the diamond suit were divided 5 to 1 against him?

Suppose he drew the trumps and led up to the spade. West could climb up with the ace and lead a second heart. Thereafter, with no reentry to dummy, Hazen could never get there to cash the king of spades and, eventually, because of the horrendous break in diamonds, he'd lose a diamond trick as well. So Hazen came up with the play that would give him an extra chance to make his contract even if the diamonds were stacked against him. He took the heart ace, came to his hand with a trump and, without drawing another round, led a spade toward North's king. West was hooked. If he ducked the trick, dummy's king would win and Hazen would have no spade loser. Then if he did have to lose a diamond trick it would not be fatal. But when West jumped in with the spade ace and returned his singleton diamond the defense was no better off. Hazen won the trick, drew trumps in two more leads, ending in dummy, and discarded a heart on the king of spades. Now if the diamond suit broke he would actually have made an overtrick.

West, of course, could have led a heart instead of the diamond and cashed a trick in that suit, but that would have been his side's last trick. As soon as Hazen got in, he would draw trumps, ending in dummy, and this time he would discard his 2 of diamonds on the king of spades to make his 11 tricks. **END**

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Tuffy Truesdell, who says he was the last middleweight wrestling champion of the United States and the first man ever to go into the water to wrestle alligators for a living, took the martini from his wife, who was mixing them in the seat behind him, and sipped from it. As befits a man of patience and serenity, one who has traveled the breadth of the land for years, Tuffy drives at a leisurely pace. Lee Truesdell occasionally bids him go just a bit faster, but she has herself learned to be comfortable on the road as long as there is a guaranteed booking ahead.

Before she met Tuffy, Lee toured as a professional square dancer with *Midwestern Hayride* and for a time served as one of those girls on a spinning board whose job it is to get narrowly massed by a blandfolded knife-thrower. After many years of crisscrossing the North American continent, there is contentment in both their lives whenever Tuffy's stubby little legs reach the accelerator and carry them along somewhere.

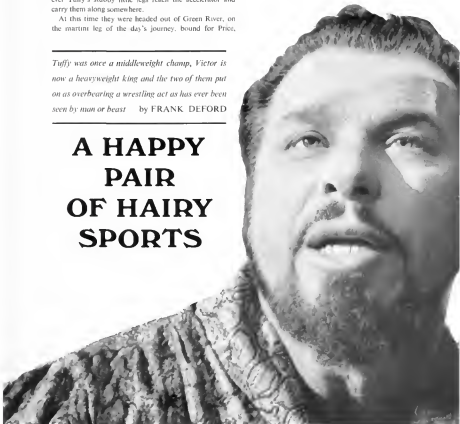
At this time they were headed out of Green River, on the martini leg of the day's journey, bound for Price,

Utah, where they expected to find a good meal and lodging for the evening. If Victor, a huge Canadian black bear who rides in the back of the elongated, airport-type limousine, should express interest in some hors d'oeuvres for himself during cocktail hour, he will be provided with peppermint candy. It is a high level of civilization that Tuffy presides over. The man who has his wife, a redhead, mixing martinis in the middle seat of his limousine and a contented bear who responds quickly to his orders domiciled behind her may be said to have found law and order.

The drive through the dark, slow and silent, produces a sensation almost of stealth. There is no notification that there is a live bear inside the limousine, for if there were Victor would have no peace, suffering instead the adoring harassment of bear admirers. Victor is a celebrity, having

Tuffy was once a middleweight champ, Victor is now a heavyweight king and the two of them put on an overbearing a wrestling act as has ever been seen by man or bear by FRANK DEFORD

A HAPPY PAIR OF HAIRY SPORTS



been in the film *Point Your Wagon* and on television many times, ranging from *The Ed Sullivan Show* and *Hollywood Police* to *What's My Line*, *To Tell the Truth* and, periodically, *Truth or Consequences*. Victor is typecast.

On a regular basis, though, Victor works as a wrestling bear. This particular evening the group in the limousine is on its way to Salt Lake City, where both Tuffy and Victor will wrestle the next night. That is, they will wrestle different people. At sports shows and fairs, after Victor has taken on all comers, he squares off against Tuffy. When they work the wrestling circuit, however, Tuffy returns to his former profession and takes a regular people match, while Victor goes against the most despised resident villain.

Tuffy will not wrestle alligators anymore, though. He could be the first person to work both bears and gators

on the same bill, but Tuffy is not interested in that distinction. "I'm not greedy," he says. "It was only a few years ago Lee and I are in Canada with the alligator farm, raising Victor, and we actually don't know if we can make it through the winter to open up in the spring. It was just bad business, trying to make that alligator farm go."

"For 200 alligators in Canada, you got to keep the heat up in the winter," Lee explains.

Having bears fight professionally in public places is nothing new. In the past a whole hungry dog pack would be loosed on a trapped bear, an exercise so savage that vestiges of bearbaiting statutes remain on the books and harass Tuffy Truesdell. Early this month Victor nearly was benched in Chicago by an Illinois law calling for fines up to \$200 for everyone who watches the fighting or baiting of a bear. But 9,200 risked it during the halfline of a Chi-

continued



cago Bulls-San Francisco Warriors game and Victor defeated Bulls General Manager Pat Williams, among others. Officials of the Anti-Cruelty Society observed closely and decided Victor was hardly the one being baited. Only twice has Victor legally been prohibited from wrestling. This occurred in Lewiston, Me. and Pasadena, Calif., two animal-loving cities that have distinguished themselves by sanctioning other atrocities: the second Ali-Liston fight and the annual Rose Bowl parade.

Brave men have often taken on bears head to head. Paul Bryant, the football coach, earned his nickname that way. Tuffy himself recalls challenging a transient wrestling bear while he was still in his teens. Wrestling bears were not uncommon then, especially for what in the fair and circus business is called a "concert." That is the act you have to pay an extra two bits to see once you get talked inside the tent for an original quarter to see the whole show. Traditionally, hermaphrodites and wrestling bears have been the most popular concerts.

"It was mostly the huge European brown bears you saw in the days I was growing up," Tuffy says. "The first time the guy just told me that if he gets me down be sure to pull in my head so that all the blows would get me on the shoulder. They could hurt you easy. You couldn't get away with that now. There's too many people walking around looking for lawsuits."

It costs Tuffy about 5% of his gross to obtain various types of insurance, but it is financially impossible for him to afford the premiums he would have to pay to actually insure the people who choose to climb into the ring and take on Victor. You wrestle him at your own risk. Since Victor has had the pleasure of about 50,000 different opponents by now, the lack of insurance is obviously not a prevailing deterrent. Occasionally, when Victor first gets to town, there is some public reluctance to match muscle with him. When that happens Steve Renfrow, a young man learning the bear business who travels with the Truesdells, serves as a "stick," which is an old carry euphemism for confederate. He comes out of the crowd and volunteers so that his bravery will inspire others. By the end of Victor's stay in a town much greater demands are placed on his services, since many young men come back for a return bout, invariably bringing along a girl friend, wife or other members of the family who will be impressed by bravado.

Statistically, it is safe to say that Victor has a better record than even the Harlem Globetrotters, something on the order of 50,000-0-1. One time a professional wrestler on the West Coast named Don Leo Jonathon did hold Victor to an honest 10-minute standoff. At that time both Don Leo and Victor weighed 350 pounds. Victor, who is 11 years old, now carries about 450 pounds on his 6-foot frame. Don Leo, in the intervening period, has failed to keep pace.

It is not really surprising that so many succumb so eas-

ily to the urge of wrestling a 450-pound carnivore. In the first place, there are some reassurances. At the age of 9 months Victor's claws were removed and so were his nippers and fangs, a bear's business teeth. Victor is also muzzled when he performs. Nevertheless, the main thing is that Americans are suckers for bears. People who have never seen Victor before, who have no idea how vicious he is or whether or not he has all his teeth—to say nothing of whether or not he intends to employ them—are forever sticking their fingers in his cage.

But such is our upbringing. There are, for instance, the Teddy bears—named, significantly, after our most jovial President, T. Roosevelt—that every child starts life with. There are Winnie-the-Pooh, Smokey Bear and Yogi Bear, all genial one-of-the-gang companions. Television's Gentle Ben was portrayed as only incidentally a huge bear. Really he seemed more like Jackie Gleason or Hoss Cartwright or any other of our happy, harmless, heavyset TV pals. And Victor himself is contributing to the general misunderstanding of the temperament of bears (*The Grizzly Bear Murder Case*, SI, May 12 *et seq.*). The trouble is, just about everybody likes bears, and Victor is an especially nice and peaceable bear who wrestles people just because it's one good way to make a buck these days.

Actually Victor doesn't care much for wrestling. Tuffy has another bear, a huge Alaskan brown named Sonny, who wrestles professionally under the name of Gentleman Ben and works a different circuit with a wrestler-handler named Gorgeous George Allen. Sonny, who is already 7'6" and more than 600 pounds at the callow age of 6, is much more temperamentally suited for his vocation than is Victor. Sonny likes to beat people up.

Victor, however, does little more than pay back in kind. "He don't ever like to go on once he's got someone down," Tuffy says. "Other bears usually want to get mean, paw people, knock their wind out. Not Victor. And you can never get him to wrestle the same guy twice in a row. When Victor beats someone he can't see why he should have to do it all over again."

Victor is also something of a purist, disdainng gimmicks. "He'll do tag teams," Tuffy explains, "but he won't have nothing to do with battle royals." Victor has learned some impressive holds, though, such as the monkey flip, which is Tuffy's old standby, the hip roll and the flying mare. When he and Tuffy give exhibitions they always save the flying mare for last, and then Victor gets his soft drink. He will also take candy with his lips right from your lips. He is mad for ice cream and he enjoys beer and other adult beverages.

After a match, though, he settles for a bottle of pop. He used to get a Coke or Pepsi, which is pretty normal bear fare, but Tuffy has concluded that carbonation is bad for bear kidneys. Now Victor gets Kool-Aid, which has no carbonation but is very sweet.

In an eight-page pamphlet entitled *Wrestling Bear*, Vic-

tor himself discusses the subject of food in some detail. Under the heading "Bear Grappling Gossip by Victor the Bear," he writes:

"Then comes DINNER, and how I can stack away the groceries. You've [sic: bears are notoriously weak on contractions] heard the old expression, 'HUNGRY AS A BEAR' . . . well, it's really true, but We Bears are strictly vegetarians. . . . My favorite foods are apples, oranges, heads-of-lettuce, and honey. Naturally, I love soft drinks and candy. All Bears do, but especially me. . . . I am glad I don't have to dodge bullets and scrounge around in the woods for a few wild berries and green leaves. What a LUCKY, LUCKY BEAR AM I! I love travelling [sic] in the car. The hum of the tires on the pavement rocks me to sleep and you know how Bears love to sleep. We are famous for it. . . . I'M QUITE A LUCKY BEAR."

As a matter of fact, it's (as Victor might say) the time of the year when he really should be catching a few Zs. Even some of the best of the trained bears have to knock off for several weeks each winter, but Victor goes a full 52. Mostly it is a case of keeping him comfortable, letting him sleep in every morning and giving him lots of food and activity. This is one reason why the Truesdells and Steve Renfrow are on the road, headed for Salt Lake City. "We're working while other bears are hibernating," Tuffy says proudly. "You got to keep 'em busy or they revert back to being a bear and go to sleep."

Victor, who apparently has been listening in on the conversation about bears, takes an attachment on his collar and runs it across his cage, making a grating noise that is the signal that he is awake and hungry. Steve feeds him some peppermints, and Victor walks around his cage in appreciation. He has lots of room, for Tuffy has built special racks on the top of the limousine to keep the wrestling mat, luggage and spare straw out of the way.

"Financially," Tuffy says, "with the backup bear we are protected if anything happens to Victor, and we got a lot of new ideas, so we don't even need the bear business anymore. But we like working the bear, and Victor is one of us now. Finding Victor was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. If I hadn't gotten to him when I did he would have been a carcass in the next hour or two. His twin sister was already dead, and we estimated his mother had left about 30 hours before. So you can say, for Victor and me, there's a lot of fate on both sides."

Stumpy and powerful, an Occidental Oddjob, Tuffy stands about 5½' tall and weighs just over 190. "I'm 53 now but, of course, I'm going to live to 100," he says with matter-of-fact authority. Altogether, he evokes the best memories of Julius, the brother of Jeff—in *Mutt and Jeff*—who was known as "the strongest little man in the world." Tuffy is understanding and generous, apparently having rid himself of all misdirected aggressions one particular day when he was 6 years old and the school bully picked on him. He thrashed the bigger boy, proving his stature and losing a first name he despises—Adolphus—at the same instant. He has been Tuffy since.

Tuffy migrated to wrestling from boxing as a teen-ager because his short arms left him at such a disadvantage as a pugilist. "I had to quit school in the 11th grade to help support the family," he says, "and the next year I went into the Civilian Conservation Corps. In the CCC I worked eight hours a day, hard work, for eight months, and I really developed. Then I worked for a St. Louis bakery."

"In those days carnivals had what you called athletic shows, where there was razzle-dazzle. I could make three, four, five dollars a night, more than I was getting at the bakery. It was the Fourth of July, let me see, Fourth of July '37, someone said they're having an athletic show at the car-

continued

The back seat of a long limousine serves as a mobile home for Victor, who is chauffeured in style from town to town.



nival down at Bonne Terre, Missouri. I had put this Model A together, and I rode it down to Bonne Terre and started rassin'. Well, I rassed 17 boys that day, beat them all, and then at the end there was this big old woman who was in the show, and I rassed her, too, because there wasn't nobody else left. I made \$75 that day, and I soon started wrestling professionally. But it was tough getting matches. Nobody helped you. There wasn't too many who made it, believe me. If you wasn't a winner, you didn't make a living. It was those kind of days."

By this time an professional wrestling, weight classes were becoming somewhat superfluous. Everybody was content to settle for the big men; middleweights, such as Tuffy, and other smaller men lost favor. Tuffy was always pretty much of a straight wrestler, anyway. He did create, and name, the monkey flip, which had a certain color to it, but he disdained the more exotic theatrics, and once resisted the urge—when Jewish wrestlers such as Leo Newman and Ruffy Silverstein were big—to use the nom de guerre of Izzy Tough.

Tuffy's career was further slowed when he was tossed from a ring. He received extreme unction and needed three holes bored in his head. After a brief military stint that lasted until Army doctors found out about the hole-drilling episode, Tuffy went to Mexico, where there was still an interest in lighter wrestlers.

"I drove down to old Mexico," Tuffy says, "and they booked me all over, in six of the republics. I have been in all of the states of the union except Alaska, all the provinces of Canada except Newfoundland and in six of the

republics of old Mexico. Anyway, we were building up for a big match against their champion, Tarzan Lopez, in Mexico City when I was offered a tidy sum to perform in such a way that I would be welcomed back.

"I was always a clean wrestler, but this time I should have taken the money. I should have known. I beat Tarzan Lopez, but they threw everything in the world at me and I just did get out safely. Now I had the belt of old Mexico, and there was no U.S. middleweight champion anymore. There was just about six of us middleweights left that were active. The title was dormant, so I was just proclaimed. Nobody could beat me anyway, except when they had too much weight. I was the last of the middleweight champions. There was no more money in it. I would have stayed in rassin', because I had the knack of winning then, but when the chance came I had to get into something else. I tried a thing with modest rasslers; I trained two boys, Pee Wee James and Tom Thumb. And then I started working the gators and after that the bear."

"It's good to be back in rassin' on the regular circuit," Tuffy is telling Steve. He and Victor have been working sports shows and fairs for more than a year now without returning to a real ring. Steve has never even seen Tuffy wrestle a person and is enthralled at the prospect. Tuffy has picked out a green-and-gold sequined jacket with bright-green trunks in which to begin his comeback. Lee, of course, made the jacket, but she will not be there to see it adorn Tuffy, for she abhors wrestling and always finds a polite excuse not to attend.

Tonight Lee just stays back at the motel and watches TV, while Tuffy and Steve and Victor head out to the Salt Lake Fairgrounds. A cheerless, antique fortress, the Salt Lake Coliseum is like a lot of places that wrestling calls home now. It is an altogether drab and sorry place, except for the ring, which glows there in the bright shaft of light that television demands. It is like the lacquered face of a faded chorus girl, distracting customers from examining too closely the rest of the sagging premises.

The people there are of two age groups, adult and child, but of one mind. All are excited, even flushed with anticipation, and when at last the action begins they are so captured by the antics that there is a constant shifting in the stands, mostly as the devotees rush closer to the ring to shout imprecations, to threaten villains or to sling paper cups and more offensive missiles.

Tuffy locates his old pal, Ox Anderson, who is co-promoter of the matches. A grandfather who laughs with the full force of his 300 pounds, Ox is still a wrestler of some local note. He is an inveterate villain. "Har, har, har," he bellows as they greet each other. "Tuffy, har, har, har." He pretends to grab Tuffy by the beard and pull it, a gesture Ox manages with such a practiced hand that it is obvious he has done it often to hirsute opponents in the ring.

"Ox," Tuffy says.

Tuffy faces a grizzly moment when Victor moves in for a bear hug.



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"Har, har, har," Ox replies. "Look at you." They pat each other's tummies.

"How are you, Ox?"

"I'm, but if you get any smaller, Tuffy, har, har, they'll have to bury you in a shoe box, har, har, har."

"It's good to be back in rasslin'," Tuffy says.

Ox is letting his tag-team partner, Matt Gilmour, wrestle Victor tonight. He'll get a chance at the bear himself on a later card. "Bears are real smart when it comes to fighting," Ox says, "and I should know, because I've wrestled them all. Bears know how to get at what they want. I remember one time when Terrible Ted was getting at a mean age, and I was bothering him in his cage, and all of a sudden he reached right out and got a hold of me and pulled me right in through the swinging doors on the cage. I was in with Terrible Ted for several minutes."

Tuffy leaves Ox and strides inside to inspect the arena itself. His eyes sweep past the stark ring, across the whole scene, and his nostrils flare with the heady scent of nostalgia. It is only at times such as this, or when little children rush up to him and feel his biceps and then jump back in awe, that it is really noticeable that both of Tuffy's ears are cauliflowered.

"They've tried to do away with rasslin'," he says. "A lot of states, you know, they make it be billed as an exhibition. You can't call it a contest. But rasslin' goes on stronger all the time, because it is what the people want. There'll always be rasslin', no matter what these state commissions say, because it is what the people want."

The game's popularity baffles those who cannot tolerate its transparency, and it is permitted to survive only an official contempt. The fans are disparaged as crude and witless, but usually any excesses are just a matter of their devotion. They believe so fiercely in the whole experience that wrestling, for all its sham, becomes more real than other respectable sports—real, perhaps, only in the sense that life is but a dream, but real nonetheless. On the way back to check on Victor, for instance, Tuffy passes The Shadow for the first time.

A masked marauder suspected of speaking with a Russian accent, The Shadow is a recent addition to the Salt Lake City stable of wrestlers. He is all business. He takes no chances on letting the secret of his identity loose on a Shadow-hating public. He keeps his hood securely in place at all times, even when with his associates in the locker room while performing his ablutions.

The Shadow looks over Victor, who is enjoying a beer and other treats before his match. Before long all the wrestlers come by to examine the visitor. Johnny War Eagle, who affects an Apache haircut—one strip down the middle of the head—moves particularly close. "You better stay away, Johnny," an observer warns. "That bear don't like Indians."

Matt Gilmour, a hemsous dastard on the Coliseum bills and the one scheduled to oppose Victor, at first gives his

opponent a wide berth, staring him down, then comes closer for a personal scouting report.

"Where can you pin him from?" he asks at last.

"Try to get him so you can hook around his legs," Ox Anderson suggests. Ox is introducing his granddaughter to Victor. At a safe distance the referee, tattooed, with the body of an old cherub, watches with marked apprehension. The exercise of caution is one way to get to be an old rasslin' referee. "I ain't never refereed no bear before, and I ain't going to work this one neither," he allows.

He does, though, and the souvenir program makes it quite clear why. It says: "This certainly seems time to take our hats off to Matt Gilmour for excepting [sic] the match with a 1,000 lb. [sic] bear as his opponent. It can be very dangerous and he will have to be on the alert for any strange move this animal may make. However, Promoter Wilson says, this match was made to prove that he has control over his men [including referees] and they will wrestle the matches he lines up. If they are afraid, they can try to work for another promoter. . . . One thing for sure, this type of match is unique and a treat for the fans. DO NOT COME TO THE RING OR TRY TO PLT THIS BEAR. ANY SUDDEN MOVIE COULD SCARE THE BEAR AND DISTRACT THE WRESTLER AS WELL, PUTTING HIM IN GREAT DANGER."

This may be described as a subtle clamor call. The grunt-and-groan buffs of Salt Lake City would gladly give up their homes and children to place Matt Gilmour in but a spoonful of danger. First, though, before Matt places his well-being on the line against Victor, Tuffy has his own match against Bob Norman.

This causes considerable emotional confusion for the fans. Tuffy should be a villain of the first order. He is a stranger and he wears a beard. But Tuffy does not act mean, and after good exchanges he keeps jumping up and offering to shake Bob Norman's hand in a show of respect. When at last Tuffy pins Norman with a monkey flip the fans can only exhibit an ambivalent reaction. They have never had to deal with a good bearded man before.

Tuffy now returns with Victor. Matt Gilmour, resembling a gay fireman, is already in the ring. Attired in shocking red spangles, a color so glowing that his whole body seems indecent, Matt is stalking the ring, crying out, "Where is that damn bear?" and "Bring that damn bear in here." When Victor arrives Matt goes for a conference with his manager, Ox. The referee, seeing his pattern, stays in any corner neutral to the bear.

Tuffy unleashes Victor (his muzzle is already in place), and Gilmour jumps right in, making ferocious noises and gestures to match. He tries various maneuvers: Victor finds it mostly tedious. A couple of times when he and Gilmour wrestle over to the side of the ring Victor tries to get through the ropes and leave. Tuffy has to push him back in. Ox cries out suggestions like "Break his arms, Matt!" and "Give him a bear hug. Matt, har, har, har!"

continued

Tuffy works the hardest—as he does whenever Victor performs. He circles the ring, moving laterally in darts and stops, not crossing his feet, never taking his eyes from the bear. There is a deep, new intensity to him now, and even perhaps there is fear. He does not relax until the match is done. Ada Ash, a girl wrestler who first took Victor on a preliminary tour, was subsequently mauled to within an inch of her life by her own trained bear. A wrestling bear handler in Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. was killed by his charge last year. "You never know," Tuffy says later. "You are never sure. You can't forget that this is a bear. I've taken care of Victor and loved him since he was a month old, but how do you know that just once when he gets to wrestling, or anytime, he will not strike out with one blow and revert to being a bear. He is a bear."

At last Victor has Gilmour down under his bulk, but just then Ox climbs onto the apron of the ring. "Don't worry, Matt, I'm coming," he cries. The fans gasp. At the highest level a wrestling match activates audience reactions like the Saturday matinee response to the escapades of Tom and Jerry.

And so a loud cry, equal parts alarm and anguish, rends the air as Ox enters the ring. Some call: "Look out, bear." Others advise: "Turn around, Victor, please." Actually Victor has his eyes riveted on Steve, who is preparing to get the Kool-Aid ready. Ox is closer, approaching Victor from the rear, moving furtively, like a vaudeville drunk creeping up the stairs with shoes in hand. Victor keeps looking at Steve. Matt is making noises to indicate that the breath of life is oozing from him. The fans are yelling: "Look out, Victor, it's Ox behind you."

Somewhat casually Victor at last starts to rise, and, as he gets to his hand feet again, Ox grabs him from behind. There is a gasp from the crowd. It is unwarranted. The fans do not know this, but grabbing Victor from behind is a stratagem comparable to bumping on Brooks Robinson. Whhoooshh, there goes Ox, flipping over, the flying part of a flying mare. He lands on his rear, right next to the prostrate Gilmour. The fans go wild. Tuffy relaxes. Steve rushes in with Kool-Aid in a soda pop bottle. Victor takes it in his paws and, sitting, knocks it back in style.

Tuffy came late in life to wild beasts. Victor was the first one he had ever attempted to train, although he had experienced somewhat less sophisticated dealings with another kind of creature. These were alligators. He got mixed up with them after he ran out of middleweights and was running a hash house. A promoter called him up and asked him if he would like to wrestle gators. Outside of the Everglades, this was pretty much a new act.

Tuffy agreed and went to Corpus Christi, Texas, where the incumbent gator wrestler was in action. Tuffy was supposed to watch this fellow, who was from Florida and well schooled in the art, pick up all the tracks and then go out on an alligator circuit of his own. Unfortunately the fel-

low with the gators was not cut out for his work and to prepare himself for wrestling them had taken to depending on large quantities of intoxicants.

The afternoon Tuffy arrived the gator man was already pretty warmed up for his evening match and, while showing Tuffy how to feed an alligator, he got his hand badly bitten. With that, he gave up the business on the spot and headed back to Florida, leaving Tuffy to wrestle the gator—Tuffy never having seen one up close before, much less having wrestled one.

This is important, because there is a way you wrestle alligators—or there had been a way that all practitioners of the art had followed. "Florida wrestlers," Tuffy calls them with uncharacteristic scorn. Their style is to clamp the gator's mouth shut and then turn him over by twisting his mouth and, by extension, his neck. This hurts the gator, which has a long neck, and it goes along and flips over. Then, since only its top jaw is hinged to open and that is now flush to the floor, the alligator is relatively harmless and can be pinned with a flourish.

Not knowing the niceties of his new profession, Tuffy just went out and started pinning alligators with half nelsons, like they were Tarzan Lopez or somebody. "I'd lay my shoulder in his neck," he explains, "so my head was just out from where he could bite it." Tuffy did not know much about caring for the reptiles either, and usually he kept them alive by having them sleep in his hotel shower and jamming food down their necks with yardsticks. "Alligators got no devotion," Tuffy says. "They'd just as soon starve to death as work with you."

Moving north from Corpus Christi, Tuffy came to London, Ontario, where his ungrateful alligator expired one night in the shower. This spiteful gesture was aggravated by the fact that there was a big advance that night. So Tuffy put the dead gator in his box and took him to the arena. In the ring he got some attendants to sort of shove the alligator out of the box. Tuffy grabbed the gator before he slid to a halt and, with lots of activity to compensate for the alligator, who was providing none, Tuffy wrestled and pinned the reptile before a very appreciative crowd.

The next day Tuffy went down to the Detroit zoo, bought a new gator and was off again. Shortly after that a New York agent named Bill Shilling Sr. saw Tuffy's act and said, "Can you do that in water?"

Tuffy said, "Sure." He was talking straight through his hat, but he knew it could be his big break. "I couldn't show any doubt," he says. "Besides, I figured it was a lot like back in Missouri, where we would go in the water and catch fish—carp mostly—with our hands and haul them out. It was what we called hogging carp. But it isn't like that at all. The gators have all the advantages. They've got transparent eyelids. The one thing going for you is gators are all the same. They got no personality. The only gator I ever had was any different was Rodney. He was a crazy gator. He had eyes that popped out of his head, and



Victor enjoys going shopping, and it takes a forceful chain reaction for Tuffy to keep his athlete out of a Christmas store.

he was durable. During the time I had Rodney I must have gone through 50 backup gators. They won't eat; they don't care. But Rodney was mean. He would stalk me sometimes. It was great. If alligators was teachable you would teach them that. In Milwaukee, Rodney caught my head under water and that was 40 stitches. And I still got these two stiff fingers from another bite he gave me."

With his gators, Tuffy hit the major league sports-show circuit, making up to \$2,000 for a 10-day spot. He played on a lot of bills with Ted Williams, who was fly casting. He was on TV, on *Singer Circus* and the *Ken Murray Show*, which was then one of the hottest shows on television because this girl named Laurie Anders, with two big round eyes and bosoms to match, would come out and say, "Ah like the wide-open spaces." One time Tuffy even went into the deep end of the Purdue University pool, 13 feet down, to haul out an alligator and pin him. He got so adept that on every show he would do a 2½ roll with the gator, which meant Tuffy was on his back under the gator twice.

Unfortunately alligator wrestling has never been characterized by a sustaining interest, and by 1955 Tuffy and Lee had taken all their gators to Wyoming, Ontario, which is near the Michigan line. The Truesdells figured that Canadians would go for the opportunity to see Florida gators right there in the frozen North, but the premise was wrong, and the road they located on definitely was. "We tried everything, go-cart races, everything," Lee says.

"We added monkeys, a zebra, an African lion, even a sacred cow of India," Tuffy says. To tide them over, Tuffy would take occasional jerkwater spots wrestling the gators, but he could not stay away from the alligator farm long, because they had Victor by now and he was growing up fast.

Tuffy had begun thinking about working up a bear act as soon as gator wrestling started losing appeal. He let the word out among his hunter friends in Canada that he was

looking for a cub. One day some hunters called to tell him they had shot a female bear that had been disturbing their camp. Tuffy tracked back the bear's steps and found her den. Victor was lying there beside his dead twin sister. He was probably 4 weeks old at the time. He was 11 inches long and weighed 4½ pounds, which is smaller than his head is now.

Tuffy took the little bundle home, and he and Lee nursed him with a bottle. They would cuddle Victor on their laps as they watched TV and encourage him to run around and roughhouse as if he were a member of the family. He was made the high school mascot, and everybody loved him. Victor was altogether different from the alligators.

"There isn't one man in America in a million who would go into the water and bring these gators out and wrestle them," Tuffy says. "Well, knowing that is very much to me. But with the bear it is not the same. There is this accomplishment, that I trained this wild animal. The best is when you see him just lying around, like just lying around and loving a little boy. That is the satisfaction with the bear. What that is is enchantment."

When it became plain that the alligator business was never going to prosper, Lee and Tuffy decided to take off. It was the fall of 1963, and the first frost was near. They sold or gave away the monkeys, the sacred cow of India and all the animals. They kept only three alligators—a hedge against their bet—and one day they just drove away, heading South and never looking back.

They began picking up bookings for Victor, and when they reached Phoenix they found so many dates in the area they decided to settle down in the sun for a few weeks. One day as Tuffy drove by a large automobile lot he noticed what appeared to be some sort of shallow well. He felt it might serve as a good place for Victor to be tied up and to find exercise. Tuffy went in and inquired and as an afterthought suggested the bear might attract some business for a couple of weeks.

continued

HAIRY SPORT *continued*

Tuffy had never much thought of sales promotion before.

So Tuffy was paid a few dollars for letting Victor stay there and occasionally working out with him. Soon people began to inquire into the possibility of wrestling Victor themselves, and one day a particularly insistent young man said, "Hey, I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me." Tuffy thought to himself: "Look, a dollar is a dollar," and said O.K. At this point other spectators started fishing up dollars themselves. Lee came by, and Tuffy said, "We're in business."

They stayed at the car lot for 16 weeks, making more dollars all the time. Everybody prospered. A survey showed that 80 new cars were sold directly on account of Victor attracting potential customers. Tuffy has been booked solid ever since, not only with Victor but with Sonny (a.k.a. Gentleman Ben) as well. The Truesdells have a large ranch in Missouri now and a mobile home in Ohio. And recently one of the most famous entertainment facilities in the country offered Tuffy the chance to have Victor wrestle there permanently, year-round.

Lee and Tuffy don't know about that. They're not at all sure. Both of them have been on the move all their lives. It is their style. They do not forget, either, that the one time they stopped they flopped. Maybe some people just

do better and think better while they're moving, all the time on the road. Ostensibly they had Victor working in Salt Lake over Christmas and New Year's to keep him active; more likely they do not want to stop and risk going to sleep themselves. Besides, every American dream does not have to have a picket fence in it.

"Can you appreciate this?" Tuffy says. He is sitting in a motel room after a good day on the road, with a good steak in his belly and a glass of good sipping bourbon in his hand. "See if you can appreciate this. I'm in Alexandria, Alabama, this little town last summer, and we're out at a fair which is seven miles from the town, and there's 500 people at the fair, and 400 of them have paid to watch the bear, and the manager is saying, 'Tuffy, Tuffy, you're taking everyone away.'"

"Now I've got this offer to work the bear in this beautiful place that is known all over America. They want Victor. There's million-dollar rides all around us. I know just where they would put us, and there's million-dollar rides on either side. Now I've got to think about that. Lee and I have been thinking about that ever since they asked us. But do I need that? I mean, maybe it would be nice, but now—can you appreciate this—do I want to be just another bear act?"

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GRAVE MATTER (CONT.)

Sir,

Many people undoubtedly feel that your article, *Mortgaging the Old Homestead* (Feb. 21), had very little to do with sports. Nevertheless, it was probably one of the most important stories ever published by SI. The irresponsibility of industry, the apathy of the citizen and the ineffectualness of our government in the face of the rapid decline and destruction of our environment is the greatest threat to the U.S. today.

THOMAS J. MARTIN JR.

Little Silver, N.J.

Sir:

From one nonscientifically oriented citizen who is deeply concerned with the state of our environment—*bravo!* Lord Ritchie-Caldwell's frank report was as effective a piece as I've ever read (and I've read many) in getting across to the layman, interestingly and understandably, some of the many facets of this dilemma.

I applaud your posture in presenting this vital subject, which, of course, will be criticized as being beyond your editorial scope. As far as I'm concerned, this could be the beginning of a great series—the objective of which should be to give the average American citizen some hints as to what he personally can do. Not everyone, unfortunately, can be a Ralph Nader. I always leave such articles wondering what I can do besides to stop breeding (see SI, Feb. 16, *My Struggle to Help the President*).

PETER PENZUTO

Stamford, N.Y.

Sir:

After reading the article, I made up my mind to do something about water pollution. It took your article to wake up a lot of people. My thanks to Lord Ritchie-Caldwell for his excellent research and for his contribution to the field of science.

ALBERT M. GOMER

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir:

Thank you for the hard-hitting article. Your statement that this article deserves the widest readership aptly sums up my feeling. Hopefully, many of the sports addicts who rarely read anything else will strain their scope of interest by reading this along with the rest of the magazine.

CLAY KEMPER

San Diego

Sir:

My thanks, appreciation and congratulations to you for accepting a responsibility

that, eventually, all Americans must realize of our life is to "have a quality, a zest, which transcends bare—or even plentiful—survival." Many others in positions similar to yours not be too late in accepting this responsibility and obligation of emphasizing the deteriorated state of our environment. Only when we have mass awareness will we have effective retaliation.

BRIAN L. ALBERT

St. Paul

Sir:

Among the growing number of articles about the environment I have read during the last five years, Lord Ritchie-Caldwell's stands alone in its scope, consciousness and persuasiveness. Its closing two paragraphs remind us, as many such articles fail to, that one of the distinguishing features of the species is to perceive and plan for the future.

The article does indeed deserve the widest readership. Certain audiences especially must be reached soon. We have such an audience at the University of Minnesota. Each year 250 young engineering students study thermodynamics under my direction. Many will be concerned with energy-conversion devices during their professional practice, and the performance of these devices exerts a strong influence on the environment. I want to be sure they receive Lord Ritchie-Caldwell's message, so I ask for your assistance. I would like to purchase 250 reprints of *Mortgaging the Old Homestead* for distribution and discussion in our engineering classes.

WARREN E. BRETT

Professor of Mechanical Engineering and Associate Dean, Graduate School University of Minnesota Minneapolis

Sir:

I'm glad to see that all of you "older folks" aren't sitting by the river on Sunday afternoons with your empty beer cans, rotten insecticides, filthy oil slicks and the rest floating by and murmuring how ("us") kids will be the death of you. Thank you, SI, for opening a few more eyes to our ever decreasing timetable for survival.

NORMAN L. HANSEN

Newport, Ore.

NO IMPROVEMENT

Sir:

THE LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER (Feb. 2) about Lord Ritchie-Caldwell reminded me of the days I spent in the Scottish town of Forfar. However, I am not sure that Lord Balmashanar is much of an improvement

on Lord Topflat. If my fading memory does not play me false, the local name for Balmashanar hill is Burnme.

JAMES T. CULAN

Durham, N.C.

RO LAUGHTER

Sir:

Back in November I must admit I laughed out loud at your prediction that the Milwaukee Bucks would take first place in the NBA East this year (*Pro Basketball's New Season*, Oct. 27). But my visions of a cellar-dwelling Milwaukee team have now vanished, I am contrite and I beg your forgiveness.

It took not only keen insight but a great amount of courage to predict that Alcindor would be the one added ingredient that would bring the Bucks from the bottom to the top, or even close to the top. If it were not for the incredible year the Knicks are having, your prediction would have hit it right on the nose. As it is, the prediction seems to be just one year early even though the Bucks might still win—in the playoffs. Congratulations. I stopped laughing long ago.

THOMAS R. LUCIEN

Cortland, N.Y.

HORSE SERIES

Sir:

In your Feb. 2 SCORECARD you publicized the need for abolishing the practice of working Tennessee walking horses, an extremely cruel method of inflicting pain to the animal's posterior area to artificially exaggerate the natural gait. Such devious pursuits are abhorrent to anyone of taste and beyond the scope of comprehension in a civilized society.

Hopefully the Tydings Bill will eliminate this horror in the near future. I have sponsored the bill and shall continue to give aid to am hills designed for the protection of animals.

ANNA M. RILEY

Souderton, Pa.

CAPTURED SPIRIT

Sir:

Congratulations to Clive Gammon for his excellent article (*Cyntra Am Blyd?* Feb. 9) on the Wales-France rugby match. He has captured the spirit of reality and good fun that has made rugby such a popular sport in the U.S. We at Dartmouth are looking forward to playing the Racing Club de France when it tours this country during the spring.

MARK W. KOBOTASH

Dartmouth Rugby Football Club Hanover, N.H.

MORMON ISSUE (CONTD.)

Sirs:

I become a little bit more confused about the intent of your Jan. 26 article concerning basketball at BYU (*The Other Side of 'The 1'*) each time I read it. A few more readings could conceivably get my thinking as fuzzy as that of Veikko Vainio or Larry DeLantre, whom you quote.

Veikko feels somehow compelled to represent a school that, in his mind, has racial policies for which he sees absolutely no justification. His moral stance somewhat eludes me. He can hardly wait to get back to Finland and abhors the idea of his son growing up in Provo yet finds himself quite happy. As for DeLantre, one has to marvel at his magnificent moral conviction of wanting to grab hold of someone and yell, "I'm Catholic, I'm Catholic!" when he finds himself in the position of having to do so only because he chose to attend BYU for the noble purpose of having a good chance to play regularly.

One wonders just what everyone is protesting. If the prophet of the church received a revelation today allowing the Negro to hold the priesthood, it is hard to see how this would affect those Negroes and others who are protesting. Would there be an immediate rush to join the church, abide by its standards and achieve the priesthood?

Is the protest aimed at so-called racist practices of Mormon institutions such as BYU? The answer, particularly in the case of BYU, is that anyone can attend who meets the entrance requirements and agrees to abide by university standards, none of which have racial restrictions or connotations.

That Mormon doctrine with regard to priesthood qualifications is discriminatory is clear. It is the official church position. That it is a purely religious question is equally clear. Therefore, your article does little more than lend support to, and focus attention on, a blatant attempt to destroy a precious right guaranteed by the Constitution: that of religious freedom and the exercise of conscience therein.

LEROY T. STICKEL

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

We do not have many Negro members in our church because they do not choose to belong. There are also white people who do not choose to belong. A good many men who are already members of our church do not hold the priesthood because they do not choose to. The Negroes who are members of our faith (why don't you interview them?) are not upset about anything. They accept the premise that it is God's church, that they will eventually have the priesthood, but it is God's decision not man's. We are not asking you to believe this, but this is

continued



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